

THE
CASTLE OF INCHVALLY:

A TALE—ALAS! TOO TRUE.

BY STEPHEN CULLEN,
AUTHOR OF THE HAUNTED PRIORY, ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

“ Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.”

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VICTOR MATHEU Z.

GUATEMALA, C. A.

THE
CASTLE OF INCHVALLY.

CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING the certainty with which so many people spoke of having seen Charles Wilmot, and notwithstanding the plausibility of the herdsman's story, nothing is more certain than that that young gentleman actually arrived safe at Lisbon, and was rather better than worse for his voyage.

A few days after his arrival in that metropolis, he rode into the country a little way, and was soon so retrieved by the

VOL. III.

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voyage,

voyage, the air, and the unadulterated wine, together with the fine fruits of Portugal, that he was able to make very long excursions. In one of these he was so much captivated with the beautiful situation of a vineyard which lay near a small village, that he was tempted to ride up to it, and ask whether he could be accommodated with lodging and board there. An elderly woman, of an aspect much superior to the situation of a planter, answered him; and perceiving that our young gentleman spoke the Portuguese with much difficulty, addressed him in good French, which he well understood, and desired him to walk in. After giving him some wine and refreshments, she said that she had never yet let lodgings, and she could not with certainty say whether her husband, who was abroad, would agree to let them; but that, tempted by the politeness of his manner, and by his being an Englishman, to all of whom she was very partial, she would speak to her husband on his return; and added, that

that she had hopes it would be an additional recommendation of her place that neither she nor her husband were Portuguese.

Next day Wilmot returned to the vineyard. The husband, an agreeable lively little Frenchman, received him with a profusion of compliments, and assured him that he was heartily welcome to make use of his poor house ; that he feared it was not worthy of such an inhabitant, but that he and his wife would do every thing they could to render it agreeable to him. Charles, therefore, after making a proper acknowledgement, went back to town ; and next day, attended by Dennis and his baggage, returned and took up his residence at the vineyard.

The situation of this spot was highly favourable to Wilmot.—In the first place, the air was charming ; in the next, the place abounded with all those fruits and other refreshments that could be beneficial to his health ; and lastly, the bewitching beauty

of the place, the occasional solitude, and the accommodating politeness of the people, mixed together, made his time more easy to him—and he had a scene where undisturbed he could luxuriate in the thoughts of his Arabella. He had besides the command of a very good horse, on which he every day took exercise, and all at a price which, though the good people thought it extravagantly high, he thought so much the reverse that he resolved to double it or perhaps do more. Of evenings he would sit under an immense cork-tree, that stood on the verdant bank of a rivulet which purled round the bottom of the garden, and, gazing at the stream, endeavour to imagine himself at the side of the river of Inchvally. Thus his busy mind would raise a thousand delightful airy visions, till cruel recollection would intrude and banish all happiness and hope from his heart.

One day, in an excursion which he took towards a small town not far distant, as
he

he was returning homeward, passing through an olive grove, his notice was attracted by the voice of a person calling out aloud for help, alternately in the English and Portuguese languages, accompanied with a violent clashing of swords. He immediately pushed forward his horse as fast as he could go, and, coming to a place where four paths met, perceived a gentleman defending himself with his sword against two men, who also had swords and seemed intent upon putting him to death. The youth, who had no weapon with him but a stout cane, did not hesitate a moment to ride up and join the gentleman; when throwing himself off from his horse, he made a blow at one of the assassins, which struck him to the ground, and gave the gentleman time to pay his whole attention to the other, whom he soon dispatched, running his sword up to the hilt in his body.

The gentleman wore clothes of the British cut, and a cockade in his hat; which

Wilmot perceiving, addressed him in the English language, and, observing that he was far advanced in life and much exhausted, offered him his assistance—which the other for the time declined, choosing rather to sit down.

“Are you wounded or hurt, Sir?” said Charles.—“No, I think not,” returned he; “but I am exceedingly weak—my exertions were too great for my debilitated frame, and such as nothing but the extreme urgency of my situation could have enabled me to use, for I am old and infirm.” Then looking up at Wilmot, and staring at him for some time with many gesticulations of countenance, he exclaimed, “Who the devil are you, that ventured your life for a stranger? I thought it was out of fashion to fight for any thing but a gambling debt or a strumpet—Who the devil are you, I say? You must be some strange outlandish creature, indeed!”

Wilmot was astonished extremely at the singular address of the old gentleman :—he could perceive however that the man was an humourist of the most extravagant kind, but was at a loss what to say in answer to such a question as “ Who the devil are you ? ” and remained gazing at the oddity in wonder.—“ You look! do you ? ” continued the old fellow—“ Damn me, I wonder you are not afraid of me ! ”

“ Afraid, Sir !—Of what should I be afraid, pray ? ” said Wilmot.

“ Of me, young man ! of me.—Zounds, I wonder you are not afraid I should stab you to the heart with this sword ! ”

Wilmot directly concluded the man was mad ; and not being without apprehensions of his taking a sudden fit of phrensy, resolved to humour him, and said, “ No, Sir, I am not afraid of you !—Why should I ?—I never did you any injury, did I ? ”

“ No :—but you have served me ; and that, as the world goes, is sufficient to make me your enemy. Damn it ! you are young, fair, and well dressed—and yet you seem to be totally ignorant of modern fashions and modern morality—You must mend, or you never will do in this world.”

“ Why, what would you have me do ? How mend ?” said Wilmot, who began to smoke the man.

“ I’ll tell you what you should have done, and I will tell you what you should not have done, to entitle you to the respect of the world—You should not have ventured your pretty person (which, ’faith ! to do you justice, is not a bad one) to save the life of any one, particularly an old man beset by odds. But you should have galloped as fast as your horse could carry you into town—informed the magistrate of the affair—displayed twenty or thirty holes made by yourself in your coat for the
purpose,

purpose, and sworn that you got them all in defending me ; and then you should have sent out a parcel of constables to catch the murderers, and two or three clergymen to pick my pocket and pray over me.—But there ! see there !—By the lord Harry, your share of the field is running away !”

Wilmot turned about, and perceived the fellow he had knocked down was again on his feet, and running. He leaped on his horse, therefore, to pursue him ; but a clump of olive-trees hid the villain from his sight, and he returned again to the old gentleman..

“ Well, young man,” continued the stranger, “ since you seem disposed neither to be afraid of me, nor to mend your manners, I must even proceed with you in the ordinary course of humanity. Men of your unfashionable way of thinking are not very fond of being paid with acknowledgments. Without my saying more about the

matter now, you have saved my life, and cannot be at a loss to conjecture what I owe you. But, damn compliments!—I am running on like the worst coxcomb of them all. I therefore will only say I am indebted to you: and, odd as you may think it, you are the only man existing to whom I could with truth say so much.—I am obliged to you—that is all—that is all!”

The whole of the old gentleman's appearance and manner had an air of the same whimsicality and oddity that distinguished his thoughts and expressions. He was tall, thin, straight, and muscular. His face, naturally strong-featured and fierce, was embellished with a deep yellowish brown hue, and broken into acute angles by a thousand wrinkles: his eyes were keen, lively, and penetrating: his nose large and aquiline; and his manner and expression short, bold, and blunt.

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After musing for some time, the old gentleman, suddenly starting as from a reverie, and looking up to Wilmot—"Tell me, young man," said he, "where do you live?"—"I reside," said Wilmot, "at the plantation of Jean Bouvet, in the *Valle de las Uvas*."—"Give me your hand then," said he, "till I rise." He did so.—"Now do you walk home, boy," continued he, "and I will ride your horse into town."

Wilmot stared.

"Nay, if you don't like it," continued he, "let it alone!—I can walk, I believe, so far, soe though my bones are."

"You are mistaken, good Sir," said Charles; "you are heartily welcome to the horse—but where shall I send for him?"

"No matter," said the other shortly, "I will send him home to you;" and, without more words, got upon the horse

and rode off, Charles staring after him in astonishment. Having got a few steps, he turned about and cried out, "Holloa, young man! what is your name? I forgot to ask you before."—"My name is Wilmot."—"Wilmot!" said he.—"Yes, Charles Wilmot." The old man stopped the horse, took out a tablet, and wrote in it; and then turning about his horse again, without another word departed.

Nothing could exceed the wonder of our youth at the old man's conduct. It was a character which he had not only never seen, but of which he had not even formed the most remote conception. He, however, upon consideration, was at a loss to determine what he should say when he went home about the horse, and regretted that his surprise had prevented him from asking the name of the old gentleman.

As soon as he got home he recounted the whole adventure to Monsieur Bouvet and
his

his wife—who laughed very heartily, and told him that he had wrought a miracle; for he had made old Captain *Amagro* (*Anglicè Acid*) speak.

Wilmot asked them, if they knew who this man really was? They said they did not, nor had they ever seen him:—that he had come to Lisbon about two years before for the benefit of his health, which was now considerably recruited:—that he was an Englishman, and was supposed to be extremely rich; but that further they could not say; only that he avoided society, spoke to no one but his own family, and gave away money very frequently and largely in charity:—that he was the subject universally of conversation and conjecture in the town in which he lived, and in all the neighbourhood, and was considered as a person deranged in his intellects. About the horse, however, they said they had not the smallest apprehensions, for there was not a person in the country who would be
 sooner

fooner trusted with any thing than Captain *Markham*, which, they observed, was his real name, though from the sourness of his manners he had acquired the name of *Amagro*.

Next morning the horse was brought home, and along with it a letter directed to Wilmot, which, on opening, he found to contain the following words :

“ SIR,

“ I send you back the horse, which carried me into town with more ease than I could have walked it, for I was cursedly fagged and sore with defending myself against the rogues who attacked me, and ’faith frightened me to boot!—Thank you.—I cannot say but I would be glad to see you when you come this way ;—so, if you please, any one will direct you to

“ MILES MARKHAM.”

Charles sent back by the messenger an
answer,

answer, written in terms expressive of respect to the Captain, assuring him that he would take the first opportunity to avail himself of the liberty that gentleman had so kindly allowed him, of paying his compliments in person.

When our young gentleman communicated this invitation to his host and hostess, Monsieur Bouvet, who was a very sensible man, assured him that he might consider it as a very extraordinary compliment indeed ; for that in all the time the Captain had lived there he would hold no intercourse with any, no not even with Englishmen—two of whom, gentlemen of great respectability, who lodged near them, had actually made several efforts to be on a footing of intimacy with him—but in vain, for he studiously avoided them—and indeed shewed himself more averse, if possible, to his own countrymen than to the people of any other nation.

Charles

Charles concluded that some great and probably unmerited calamity had made this strange impression on the mind and temper of Captain Markham, and he could not help already entertaining a sympathetic feeling for him and his misfortunes, and conceiving a hope that a similarity of fortunes might bring about between them a full intercourse of sentiment and a consequent friendship. Strongly impressed with those notions, he determined to pay the old gentleman a visit the first day he went to that town, and give him at least a fair opportunity of following up the incident which had brought them together with a more frequent and intimate intercourse.

In pursuance of this resolution he went the next day to town, and readily found out the residence of a person whose eccentricity of character had rendered him so remarkable. He was shewn into an apartment,

ment, where he was soon after waited upon by Captain Markham himself.

“ Well!” said he—“ Well, young man! I find you have come to see me, and cannot say but I am glad of it.”

“ I should think myself,” replied Wilmot, “ much wanting in proper respect to Captain Markham, and in duty to myself, if I longer delayed to return him my thanks in person for the favour he did me in writing.”

“ Do you want me,” said the old gentleman, “ to thank you again for the service you did me? If you do, I will most certainly disappoint you. But tell me, why do you reside in the country?”

“ Because, Sir, I am at present disinclined to society, and love to be alone.”

“ Damn it!” said the Captain brightening,

ing, “ I took you to be an odd outlandish kind of a chap when first I saw you—Eh ! Did not I say so ?—I think I was right.—You love to be alone !—Eh !—So much the better. But tell me what brought you to Portugal ?”

“ A bad state of health, Sir—and a desire to see foreign countries.”

“ See foreign countries !” repeated the Captain sneeringly—“ What the devil to do ?—The devil is in it if you have not rascals and jilts enough at home without driving up and down in foreign countries to search for them !—Do you hope to find any country where your mistress will not jilt you—where your friend will not betray you—where your superior in power will not play the insolent tyrant over, and your inferior crouch with abject humility to you—or where ninety-nine men in a hundred of the great chain of society, from the peer down to the beggar, do not spend their
lives

lives in acting a two-fold part of villainy, drawing incessantly on ruffian insolence for their losses in sycophancy, pandarism, and parasitical meanness ?—But I forgot,” continued he, “ you talked of a bad state of health——”

“ I did, Sir,” said Wilmot ; “ it was indeed my chief motive for coming to Portugal.”

“ Why, how the plague came you to be in such a bad state of health as to require a warm climate ?—A young fellow like you ! You look stout too !—A fever, or a thing of that kind, you might have had indeed—but——”

Here Wilmot’s face betrayed evident marks of uneasiness, and he sighed. Markham was not slow to perceive it.

“ Hah !—Eh !—Perhaps some misfortune ?” said the old gentleman. “ Well, well

well—I will ask you no more. Ay! ay! God help us!—Misfortunes fly in this life thicker than shot in a battle—But we must stand the field—if we cannot conquer we must not retreat—and all our comfort is, that death will at last relieve us—But he that submits to that rascal man is a poltroon and a coward.—Are you unfortunate?—Eh!—I believe you are—Are you not?”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied Wilmot, “ I cannot but admire your penetration. Few in this world can complain with truth of such misery as he who now stands before you.”

“ Then,” said Markham, “ there is some chance that you have not been entirely bereft of feeling and humanity, and I will converse with you. Indeed your generous assistance, when I was attacked by assassins, made me believe so :—but I was not sure ; for that might possibly have been an act of vanity, or mere impetuous, inconsiderate.

considerate animal valour.—By the bye I have never heard, for in truth I never inquired, what became of the fellow I killed. These things are nothing here.”

“Nor have I heard either,” replied Wilmot: “for obvious reasons I made no inquiry.”

“Your name is Wilmot, you say—Pray what country are you of?” said the old gentleman.

“I am a native of Ireland—the son of Sir Clement Wilmot.”

“Indeed!” said the other, staring at him—“The son of Sir Clement Wilmot! I once knew him when he was sir-less—when he was plain Clem Wilmot; and upon my soul you have a strong resemblance to him!—Pray tell me, is he yet alive?”

“He

“He is, Sir, thank God!” returned Charles; “and I hope will long live to be, as he has long been, the delight of his fellow-creatures, and the blessing of his country.”

“Why, to tell the truth, he was a good lad; but when he got title and estate, I suppose they spoiled him, as they do every one.”

“Upon my word, Sir,” replied Charles, “that is a point on which I may venture to answer you in the negative. What he was before he had title and estate I can only know from report; but all who know him now will join me in saying, that it is impossible he could ever have been better than he is at this day—if the most feeling heart, guided in its movements by a sound understanding—if beneficence and liberality, limited only by justice in its distribution—and the most unfeigned piety and humility,

humility, can entitle a man to that character."

"What the plague, then," interrupted the Captain hastily, "can make a young fellow like you unhappy?"

"Alas, Sir!" replied Wilmot, "such is my fate. You may well, indeed, be surprised that a person of my youth, the son, and, without arrogating too much to myself, I may say the favourite son of a Baronet of immense fortune, great connections, and splendid character, should come to be unhappy:—yet so it is; but the causes of my misery are so involved in a series of transactions and incidents, filling up a space of time not less than my whole life—too dull and tedious to afford any one amusement—interesting only to myself and those involved in my fate—many of them involved in utter obscurity, and incomprehensible even to myself—that no relation of them, however laboured, could give an adequate

adequate conception of them. Could you but know them, however, you would allow that no man ever met with such unparalleled, and, I will say too, such unmerited misfortunes as myself."

"Sir," said the old gentleman hastily, "I must deny your position—I beg your pardon! I do not mean offensively—but I will maintain that my misfortunes are ten thousand times greater than yours, be yours what they may.—Sir! Sir! I have been so abused, so treated, so buffeted—Oh! blast me, Heaven!" said he grinding his teeth, "if ever I forgive it!"

Here he rose from his seat, and walked a few turns across the room in great agitation—"Yes, Sir," continued he, "I have been most inhumanly treated—neglected and oppressed in my youth, forsaken in my deepest distress, and betrayed by those whom most I loved!"—Here he took a few turns more—then musing for a while, sat down,

down, and in a cooler tone of voice proceeded :

“ You are unfortunate, you say, and undeservedly so. I believe both, and therefore think I may safely communicate with you: for I will let you into one secret of the human heart which manifold experience has unfolded to me, and may be of use to you hereafter. It is this—that the recital of others’ miseries seldom excites, in the breasts of those who are happy, any other sensations than languor, ridicule, dislike, or contempt; and for one man who feels it with sympathetic sorrow, there are ten thousand whom it serves only for malicious pastime, inhuman triumph, or distraction. Men who have themselves much sensibility, if unexperienced in the ways of the world, are most foolishly prone to seek some friendly bosom into which to pour a portion of their grief: the bosom may be found, but every channel to it will be frozen up—and the ice of worldly caution, with

its smooth impenetrable surface, will be found to dam up all access to it. Indulge not then the propensity to impart your sorrows to others : for it will serve no purpose but to expose you to unfeeling contempt, and to unveil to your view the filthy nakedness of your fellow-creatures, till at last, by natural consequence re-acting upon them, you will become a misanthrope; while, its regular current being stopped, your beneficence will turn back upon its source, stagnate, and become poison. Above all, avoid the exotic fungus of the day, the upstart spawn of putrefaction; he who, born in squalid wretchedness, and familiarised even with his mother's milk to crouching vassalage, conceives not nor can feel the stings of an ingenuous mind in sorrow—and who, unused to wealth, knows not how to extract from it the greatest blessing it can impart, the power of blessing others."

Charles replied, that he was so well convinced of the justice of his remarks, that
his

his conduct should always be guided by them ; and in doing so he should have no great difficulty to overcome, having never felt the propensity to which the other alluded—And if he talked of his affairs to him, it was only because he felt within himself that there was something in their respective conditions that would probably awaken their mutual sympathy for each other.

The old gentleman was much pleased with the manner of Wilmot, and even flattered by his attention. “ This day,” said he, “ you shall dine with me, if you have no very particular engagement—In the evening we will retire to the arcade at the end of my garden, and there over a bottle of wine and a plate of olives converse together freely. Mean time, if you have any other business to transact in the neighbourhood, or any visits to pay, go and dispatch them, that the whole of the evening may be our own.”

Wilmot accordingly left the old gentleman and returned at the appointed hour, when he found an excellent dinner prepared, and served up in a style of simple elegance, which, when coupled with the extravagant and whimsical manner of his host, astonished him. At dinner they were attended by one servant only, a black man, to whom the Captain spoke occasionally in a language unknown to Wilmot. Beside the wine of the country, he had a variety of others, such as madeira, claret, hock, &c. with different liqueurs of exquisite flavour; and in short shewed evidently that he was a perfect adept in the *sçavoir vivre*. During dinner-time he seemed to have slipped out of the rough husk that usually enveloped him; and to his black servant displayed a gentleness of manners that would have done honour to any man. To the dinner succeeded a dessert of the most exquisitely delicious fruits; and, on the whole, the mode of his entertainment, the neatness and at the same time the richness of every appendage

appendage to it, and the unexpected suavity of the old gentleman's deportment, joined to the exhilarating influence of the wine, gave a turn to the spirits of our youth to which he had for some time been a stranger. As soon as dinner was over, they retired to another room, formed into an arched saloon that projected into the garden. Here there was a table laid with wine, and they sat down to it—"It will be time enough," said the Captain, "to talk about the bitters of life when we can no longer relish the sweets; the pleasure these impart is of but short duration—let us therefore make the best use of them. Then taking the bottle and proceeding to fill his glass—"Young gentleman," said he, "I fill for a bumper toast, Your health!"—But before I drink it, give me leave to offer you, in the best terms I am able, my most sincere acknowledgements for the very essential services you have rendered me. Then putting the bottle across to Charles, who also filled his glass, "Give me your hand," said he. Charles

accordingly presented him his hand, which he held while he drank—then laying down his glass, put upon the young man's finger a diamond ring of unusual magnitude, and of the finest water—"Accept this, my gallant fellow!" said he, "as a small testimony of my gratitude and goodwill."—Charles, overcome with confusion at such unmerited generosity, was about to speak, but the old gentleman stopped him—"Not a word!" said he: "I am old and arbitrary, and will have my own way; nor shall my gratitude, I hope, have such narrow limits as to stop here—You are the only man now on earth to whom I owe an obligation, and you must not diminish the force of it by refusing to indulge me in my own way."

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Wilmot; and he scarcely knew whether to consider all this revolution in the behaviour of old Markham as a reality, or as the workings of imagination in a dream.

To

To a mind naturally good, nothing conveys such solid felicity as a full opportunity of disclosing the finer feelings of humanity. Nature had given to Captain Markham one of the best of hearts; the chilling inhumanity of a selfish world had given it a kind of artificial contraction, and it now began to warm and dilate to its natural expansion. He flattered himself he had found an honest fellow, and a friend, and was not the less pleased because it was in a young man he found them; and he became, if not cheerful, at least something like it. The bottle therefore passed about, and it was not till the servant gave the old gentleman his usual summons to coffee in the arcade that they thought of moving. Thither, however, they retired and took their coffee; which done, two black servants attended, each carrying in his hand a machine of a construction so new and extraordinary to our young gentleman that he was entirely at a loss what to think of them—"You will perceive, Sir," said Captain Markham, "by those *bouccas*, that I am an East In-

dian, or, as they *charitably* denominate us in Europe, a *nabob*. He then explained the nature of those smoking machines, to the great entertainment of Charles—whom he exhorted, at the same time setting him the example, to make use of them, assuring him that they were sovereign in cases of spleen or hypochondria, and that if it had not been for the assistance of those his worthy friends and companions he must have long since sunk beneath the pressure of his feelings.

The servants having withdrawn, Captain Markham addressed himself to Wilmot, and said—"It cannot surprise you that I should find myself warmly interested in the welfare of a man who saved my life. In considering that point, however, I assure you I lay more account by the reflection that I have found a person capable of such an act of generous gallantry, than on the actual benefit I have personally derived from it—for life never was over-rated by me, and has for some years past given me very little
 ○ concern

concern or anxiety, unless it were at times to part with it. Thus interested as I avow myself to be in your welfare, you will excuse the earnest curiosity I have to know how you have come to be, as you say you are, unhappy. Nor will I suffer you to imagine that this curiosity arises merely from an unworthy, idle, womanish desire for anecdote—but assure you on my honour that it proceeds from an anxious inclination to do any thing and every thing that may possibly be in my power to alleviate your misfortunes.”

Wilmot made the Captain a suitable return for his professions of friendship, the sincerity of which it was impossible to call in question; and though he was convinced that it was not in the old gentleman's power to afford him either consolation or relief, he gratified his wishes by giving him a detail of the leading incidents of his life, nearly as related already in the previous part of our history, and bringing up the

narrative of his sufferings “even to the day on which he bade him tell them.”

During this recital, Captain Markham underwent a variety of emotions, which did not escape the observation of Wilmot—He stamped—he struck the table with his fist as if he would split it—he grasped the few fragments of hair which time had left beneath his temples—he grinned, he raved, and he swore.—“By the Lord, Sir!” he would say when Charles would stop, “they are all mad—Oh the villain! (meaning Godfrey.) I wish I had him here, and d—n me if I would not—What a wolf—What an ass—What a brute—What an idiot!” (meaning Mr. Howard.) Then when he spoke of the fidelity of Arabella, “Ah! the dear creature!—Charming girl!—Noble young woman!”—But when he related the conduct of Sir Clement, “Excellent, excellent man!” he would cry. “By Heaven, Sir, he is an honour to the creation!”

At

At length, when about one o'clock in the morning Charles had concluded his story, "Look you, Sir!" said the Captain very gravely—"It is plain that your brother Godfrey, that base son of a good father and mother, has been at the bottom and is the cause of all your misfortunes, and the confounded Parson has been his prompter.—Why, I'll tell you what, I would sooner let loose one hundred of the largest and fiercest royal tigers in Bengal among a community, than one unprincipled fanatical churchman of any religion whatever! Ay, and they would do less mischief too. The hand of every one would be lifted against the one as an avowed open enemy, but the other prowls along insidiously under the hypocritical mask of friendship and good will to men. Why, Sir, they are worse than attorneys.—But come, I perceive you are fatigued; such late hours are unfit for you. Fill your glass! and, when you please, go to bed, there is one ready for you. To-morrow we will talk further of this matter; and

if your Arabella does not turn out in the end as great a jilt to you as my first and only love turned out to me, you may yet be happy ; for, as to your father's overstrained delicacy about a clandestine marriage, I do not understand it—it is all stuff—and curse me if you and a fine girl shall fall a sacrifice to it if I can help it !

C H A P. II.

NEXT morning Wilmot found the Captain very cloudy in his aspect. The treacherous support of the previous evening had slipped from under him, and left his spirits a prey to gloomy bitter reflection. He was himself well aware of this feebleness, and said to Charles, " You must not mind me, young gentleman—I am usually troubled with what I call *the blue devils* in the morning. By dinner-time, however, I shall be able to shake them off." Breakfast being over, Wilmot prepared to depart—" What !" said the old gentleman, " you have no inclination then to hear my story ? and yet, give me leave to tell you, it might be entertaining, perhaps instructive ; and it would at least afford you the consolation to know that you
are

are not the only man in the world who has cause to complain of the cruelty of fate."

"Upon my word, Sir," said Wilmot, "I should think myself highly favoured with your story; and if I did not ask you to relate it, the reason was, I was unwilling to take a freedom that might hurt your feelings, or bring back to your recollection, perhaps with renewed force, something which it might be more conducive to your peace to have buried in oblivion."

"Since that is the case, then," returned the Captain, "you shall be indulged. Go and dispose of your time as you think proper between this and dinner. Be then here; and, after we have dined, I will relate to you my history."

Accordingly Wilmot, after taking a ride to his lodgings, and informing his friends there where he had spent the night, no doubt to their great surprise, returned and

dined with Captain Markham ; who, after the same ceremonies, at the same hour, and in the same place as Wilmot had related his the night before, began his little history in the following words :

Captain Markham's Story.

“ MY father was a younger brother of a very respectable family in that country which gave you birth. He had, at an early age, made choice of a military life, which is only to say in other words that he embraced poverty from choice ; for, when a man has no interest with men in power, no money to purchase, and no talents or disposition for servility, he has no chance of rising in the army (I mean the King of England's army), be his merit and professional abilities what they may. Being of an amorous complexion he fell in love with a young lady, who rewarded his attachment by putting her all, that is to say a very fine person and about two hundred pounds, into

into his possession. She was, to say no more than truth, an excellent woman, and managed his little income (only lieutenant's pay) with such skill that they contrived to live together very comfortably for a few years. But as they both were young, strong, and healthy, and were exempted by the narrowness of their circumstances from the debilitating effects of luxury and repletion, they bred like rabbits, and in five years had five children; when my father's regiment being ordered abroad on service, and he being unable to carry so numerous a family along with him, we were all, together with my mother, left at home, under the protection of a brother of hers, to live upon the interest of her two hundred pounds, and as much of my father's pay as his frugality could enable him to allow us.

“ In about two years after my father's departure, a small-pox of a most virulent kind seized my mother's little flock, and
out

out of her five children left her only myself. A deep and rooted melancholy seized her—she pined away, and gradually declined ; till the following campaign, taking her husband off in the field of battle, closed the scene with her death, which took place in twelve hours after the news of that event reached her.

“ Thus was I left, at the age of about four years, an orphan, with no other dependence than the protection of my uncle, who was certainly a man of large property, and the sum of two hundred pounds which I have already mentioned to you. My uncle took me into his house, became my guardian, and supported me for the interest of my money ; which being twelve pounds, and he living in the cheapest country in the world, might be considered as not less than one hundred *per cent.* profit on my real expences : and for this he expected all the gratitude, and claimed to himself all the merit, that he could have done had I lived
upon:

upon and been supplied entirely at his expence. As I grew up, I was not unfrequently reminded of my state of dependence—and told that it could not last long, as he must look to his own family, which was large. In proportion as I advanced in understanding I felt with increased poignancy those injurious animadversions, and, being by nature extremely proud, should before I was fifteen years of age have quitted his house, let the event have been what it might, had I not been restrained by a stronger power even than pride itself—a power which may truly be said to reign lord paramount over all the passions, to subdue the most rugged dispositions of the soul, and appease or at least check the most violent transports of the mind : I mean love.

“ My uncle had a daughter, whose beauty was such that, to convey to you an idea of its extent, I will barely say that in all probability the most beautiful woman

man you have ever seen was inferior to her; and her mind, I thought, was still more angelic than her person. Almost from infancy I loved her—in manhood I adored her; and, from every inference that might fairly and rationally be drawn from her conduct, which, though consistent with the most extreme modesty, was not without strong manifestations of feeling, I was led to believe that my passion was returned. For her sake, therefore, I bore the daily insulting insinuations of her father, who was as clumsy in the manner of expressing, as he was unjust in the principles that dictated them.

“It was my good fortune to be very much beloved by all the people of our neighbourhood, my own relations only excepted. In their view the helplessness of my situation was sufficient cause for disgust; and, as I grew up, they all in turn took upon them, under the pretext of zeal for my interests, to turn dictators, and overwhelm me

me with advice, cautions, and documents; above all things expressing their admiration that a grown-up youth, full of health and strength, should lounge away his time at home, while so many thousands with inferior qualifications were daily going abroad into the world, and returning home to their friends with independent fortunes. My uncle particularly gave me many hints of this kind; and an entire discovery of my having entertained a violent love for my cousin, brought about by the wickedness of an eaves-dropping servant-maid, accelerated the bursting of the storm that had already been thickening over my head. He accused me in the most gross terms of wicked and dishonest intentions towards his daughter; and when I attempted to justify myself by saying, that so far from harbouring any evil intention towards her I had never entertained a thought that was not lawful and that had not wedlock in view, he grew ten thousand times more outrageous—called me an incestuous dog for thinking

thinking of marriage with so near a relation, and an insolent madman for presuming, beggar as I was, to look up to his daughter. Finally, he told me I must prepare to depart in three or four days; in which time he would lay some plan for my future conduct, and take up a sufficiency of my money to enable me to carry that plan into execution.

“ Although I was at this time of a size and strength to cope with most men, and was far from being deficient in personal courage, my uncle had so entirely got the dominion of terror over my mind that I was unable to answer him as I ought to have done, but, bursting into tears, retired, and immediately left the house.

“ In our neighbourhood resided an English gentleman of the name of Wilson, who had always honoured me with a great share of friendship and kindness. It is to him and his instructions I am indebted for almost every

every thing I know of letters. He had been a captain of a merchant ship; and, having accidentally met and married a woman from that country, left the sea-faring life, and retired to a rural life in that place, where, having buried his wife, he determined to remain till death should mix his dust with hers. Naturally humane and tender of heart, his actions were not only dictated by goodness, but governed by the strictest justice. I do not mean legal justice merely as it concerns property, but that innate sentimental justice which engages a man to determine rightly on every subject that arises. He early saw my unprotected defenceless situation—lamented the neglect with which I was treated—pitied the want of education under which he saw I was likely to run up into manhood—and, out of pure principles of charity and beneficence, took the pains himself to instruct me in reading, writing, arithmetic, accounts, and navigation; which, though at that time the whole of my attainments, did

did me afterwards, in my progress through life, yeoman's service.

“ To this gentleman I immediately went upon leaving my uncle's, told him all that had passed, and earnestly conjured him to direct me how to act, as his wisdom and knowledge of the world well qualified him to do. The good man wept.—Oh, may I eternally perish when I forget him!—when I cease to adore his revered memory!—when I neglect to make him the first object of my daily and nightly petitions to Heaven! He execrated my uncle with all the vehemence of an honest indignant heart, working off its effusions through the rough husk of a seaman—desired me to remain in his house till he could reflect on the matter with coolness and deliberation—and bade me comfort myself with the assurance, that, so far as his means would enable him to act, I should not want a friend.

“ Next day, by Captain Wilson's advice,
I wrote

I wrote a letter to my uncle, demanding that my little property should be put into my hands, as I was determined to give him no further trouble, and had thrown myself under the protection of a friend who was about to put me in a way of providing for myself. To this letter I received for answer, that the balance of my *fortune*, if on a fair account any was found due to me, should be paid as soon as he could look into his books and make up the accounts between us, which, he observed, would cost him some time and trouble. And by the same hand I received a letter from his daughter, informing me, that, although she could not deny her having entertained a very warm attachment to me, yet her father had so clearly pointed out to her the criminality of such a passion, that she must thenceforward decline holding any further intercourse with me than such as a brother might hold with a sister.

“ Captain Wilson, who, whenever he
grew

grew warm with anger, generally flew into that intemperate coarse roughness which distinguishes the sons of the boisterous element, expressed his abhorrence of both father and daughter, and damned them both a hundred times, under the appellations of ‘Lubber! Rascal! Sow!’ and other names which those who have been much at sea are pretty expert at, and concluded with bidding me prepare for being cheated out of every shilling. But, ‘We’ll see—we’ll see,’ continued he, ‘whether we cannot contrive to flow you with a fresh freight, and put you under-way somehow or other.’

“The event turned out pretty nearly as the good man foreboded; for, in about a week or ten days after, I received a packet inclosing my account, which stood thus:

		<i>Per Contra.</i>
Principal sum - L. 200		15 Years diet and
Interest for 15 years,		clothing, at 20l.
at 6 per cent. - 180		<i>per annum</i> - L. 300
		Balance due M. M. 80
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	L. 380	L. 380

Vol. III.

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“As

“ As soon as Captain Wilson read this honest account, he remained for some moments silent, while his countenance exhibited such a picture of various passions as I never before or since beheld. At last he burst forth into a volley of terrible execrations—‘ Twenty pounds a-year!—Damn the shark to perdition!—No one within his walls ever consumed twenty pounds in five years except himself.—He, ay he, the gorbellied porpoise—ay, he has a digestion that would swallow the devil, if he was only hung out as a bait for him.—I’ll tell you what you shall do. Go take the eighty pounds; and, as soon as you have it in your hand, fling it in his face, and jamb his teeth down his throat with it.—Though—No—that would please him—for I’ll be damned if such a rascal would not sell all his teeth to the devil, ay if there was a soul in every one of them, for half the money—therefore that won’t do.—Stay, stay, I will send him a challenge directly—and if he does not fight me, post him up upon the church-

church-door for a coward as well as a cheat.'

"I saw it would be vain to attempt stopping the torrent of the honest old gentleman's indignation, and therefore resolved to let it take its course and spend itself; for, knowing that the fountain from whence it sprang (his heart), though now perturbed, was naturally sweet and kindly, I had little doubt of his soon coming back to himself.—Nor was I wrong. He sat down—leaned his head upon his hand—rubbed his forehead two or three times impatiently—then giving vent to a sigh, which seemed as if it would burst his sides, said, 'that he would mark out a track for me, which, if I kept a good look-out and a slow steady sail, might bring me into a good port at last.'

"He then told me that his intention was to send me to London, and give me a letter to an old friend, who once commanded

a ship in the service of the East India Company, and was then a Director—‘He is grown rich,’ said he, ‘and probably is grown a rascal—but he was an honest fellow. We have weathered many hard gales together, and I was once a friend to him when he wanted a friend—No matter for that. However, being a seaman, I do not think he will be so likely to veer about with the squalls of fortune as your money-grubbing land-lubbers; and as I shall not ask a very great favour from him, I think he will serve you on my account, and give you a fair trial, so as to enable you to determine whether you would prefer the land or sea service; though I would advise you as a friend not to be deceived by the romantic accounts of a sea-faring life, which, with all my habitual fondness for it, is the last in the world into which I would wish to put a son of mine.’

“In effect I determined to adopt this plan, and accordingly received my eighty pounds

pounds from the harpy my uncle; with which, together with a sum of fifty pounds, and a variety of little equipments bestowed upon me by Captain Wilton, I proceeded to London.

“ I went round by sea. My passage was long, and so extremely tempestuous, dangerous, and to me horrible, that I found myself much disgusted with a sea-faring life, and confirmed in my resolution to take Captain Wilton’s advice and avoid it. I therefore resolved to make choice of the military. Accordingly the gentleman to whom I was recommended, and who indeed seemed happy to oblige his worthy old friend, procured me an appointment of cadet on the Bengal establishment; and, as my purse was too light to enable me to take a passage in the usual style at the Captain’s table, got me, with the protection of the commanding officer, to take my passage under the character of a *guinea pig*, or nominal non-working midshipman, on

board the Malacca East Indiaman, bound to Bengal direct.

“ As soon as I arrived at Calcutta I was attached to a corps of sepoy's quartered a short way up the country, and in about three weeks after took leave of that place and proceeded up the country by water, delighted with my situation, and charmed with the beauty and richness of the country through which the majestic Ganges meanders, fertilizing and enriching it with boundless commerce. I will not now enter into a description of that great country, the source of so much wealth and power to Great Britain, but bring up my own history to a particular period.

“ My rise in the army was very rapid; for, in that service, rank goes not either by favour or interest, but by regular and just gradation. I saw a vast number of gallant officers fall by the sword of the enemy, and the deleterious effects of the climate, which

at that time was much worse and more fatal to European constitutions than it is at present. In a few years I had a very profitable command ; and, being always averse to dissipation, and detesting both drinking and gambling, I became rich, without doing any one act that can tend to embitter either my life or my death.

“ During this time I constantly corresponded with Captain Wilson, and from him heard that the young lady, my cousin, had at length bestowed her hand on a gentleman of fortune in a neighbouring county. You who love with such ardour will be able to form some conception of what my feelings must have been ; for I must confess I continued to cherish the hope of yet possessing her till the very moment I read the account of her marriage. That information rendered life irksome to me, and drove me to acts of desperation, which, in the discharge of my professional duty, made me utterly regardless of hardship, trouble,

or danger, and tended to raise my reputation very high. I had the happiness of paying my benevolent patron and protector his money, and even of contributing to his comfort, and prevailing on him to enlarge the circle of his domestic enjoyments, by accepting of a carriage and pair, with a suitable income, in the decline of his life.

“ By this time,” continued Markham, “ I presume you think yourself qualified to decide on the character of my very worthy uncle. But I have yet to astonish you, by revealing what you will think a new and extraordinary phenomenon in the human heart, exemplified in the conduct of that worthless man. Soon after my presents to Captain Wilson were first talked of in his neighbourhood (for the good man lost no time in relating them, I dare say with exaggeration), my uncle wrote to me a most fond paternal letter, expressing the greatest joy at having heard of my welfare, assuring me of his unalienable affection, and invit-

ing

ing me to reside at his house whenever I should think proper to return home. On first reading this letter I was stupefied—but rage succeeded, and I tore and trampled it under foot. Then recollecting that it was a curiosity in its kind, I was at the pains to pick up the fragments with great industry, and to paste them together again; and I have them now by me. I wrote a letter in answer to it, such as you may suppose resentment and contempt to dictate; but, before an opportunity offered of sending it off, a thought struck me, that I might possibly be able to take a much more effectual way of mortifying him. I therefore destroyed my own letter, without abating one atom of my anger at his, and immediately sat down and wrote an account of it, and my sentiments on it, to Captain Wilson, desiring to hear from him on the subject, and leaving the rest to the direction of chance.

“ Some time subsequent to this event,

it happened, that after a long and fatiguing march I was seized with a bilious fever, in the course of which I contracted a diseased liver, which grew so bad as to adhere to my side, and brought me to such a debilitated declining state that my physician gave it as his opinion it was necessary for me to proceed to Europe for the recovery of my health. I accordingly set sail for Europe, and in somewhat more than five months from the day of my departure from the river of Bengal landed at Southampton.

“ On my arrival in London I wrote to my old friend Captain Wilson, who sent me an answer full of congratulations on my return to my native country; for so, when compared with the distant region I had been in, he considered England;—informed me that my uncle was still alive, and talked of me in a style of warm affection; but that he had not yet disclosed, nor would he till he had my consent disclose,

close, to him my arrival in Europe. On receipt of this letter a thought struck me, which I determined to communicate to that worthy man, and afterwards, if he approved of it, to put in practice. I reasoned with myself thus :—‘ My uncle and his family, however ill they may have treated me, are yet the nearest or rather only connections I have. Perhaps he may have come to a sense of his cruelty to me, and wishes to atone for it by the best means in his power. If that be the case, why should I be obstinately unforgiving? At the same time, perhaps, this change in his sentiments may proceed wholly from the alteration in my circumstances; and it is more than probable my wealth may effect that in his heart which the ties of consanguinity could not do. I will try his sincerity, and give him at least a fair opportunity to evince his affection, if he has any—or to disclose the cloven foot, which I rather fear will be the case.’

“ In pursuance of this resolution I wrote to Captain Wilson, informing him of my design—and requested him, if he approved of the plan, and was willing to bear a part in it, to inform my uncle that I had landed in England, after having been dismissed the Company’s service, with hardly a shilling in my pocket, and that he (Wilson) had sent me money to bear my charges home. To this letter I received an answer, by which it appeared the good old man approved of my scheme, and, assuring me that he would do the needful, exhorted me to come over as soon as possible, he being very impatient to see me.

“ Accordingly I set out from London, after having previously equipped myself at Monmouth Street with a tarnished military uniform, which I improved by cutting the coat in various places, and either sewing them badly or putting patches on them—and arrived in due time at Dublin, where taking a lodging, and leaving my effects
in

in care with a faithful black servant (he whom you saw attend table), I set out in my shabby dress on foot towards my native village.

“ I contrived that it should be night when I arrived there, in order to avoid observation ; and I went directly to the house of Captain Wilson, who was so overjoyed to see me that his aged frame almost sunk under it ; and, in the fullness of his heart, he declared that that one interview was sufficient to compensate to him for all the sorrows he had undergone since he saw me, for it was the only pleasure he had long hoped to enjoy on this side the grave. With regard to my uncle, he observed that I must prepare to receive every mortification from him, and to bear with temper a discovery which would serve only to convince me that he was still a worse and a meaner man than I had ever conceived him to be.

“ In effect, the next day I proceeded to
my

my uncle's house, determined to dismiss from my heart all anger and resentment, and to manage him with such cool dexterity as should leave him no loop-hole through which to escape. I met him in the yard—He stared at me. I saluted him with great humility, my manner bearing every semblance of duty and affection. ‘Who are you?’ said he.—‘Alas, Sir!’ said I, ‘have a very few years made such an alteration in me that you do not recollect your nephew Miles Markham?’—‘Hah! you are he then?—You are that wicked scape-grace of whom no good could be got in his youth, and who now, in advanced age, is as bad as ever!—Hah!—Well, what do you want now?—If you want something to eat, you may go into the kitchen and get it, and go away again.’

“Good God, Sir!” returned I, “is it thus you treat a relation, who ought to stand even as a son in your affections?”

“Ay,

“ ‘ Ay, ay, I remember,’ said he—‘ I remember very well that you wanted to make yourself my son by marrying my daughter.—Ah ! you incestuous dog !—It is no wonder you do not thrive—no wonder you have neither luck nor grace—But I find you were turned out of the army ; your friend old English Wilson, to whom you sent such great presents from India, tells me you were broke—I suppose for some fraud—It was for nothing good, to be sure.’ ”

“ Here I could scarcely suppress my resentment ; but as he was my uncle—laboured under extreme old age—and was afflicted with the gout—and as of course I could manifest my resentment only in words, I smothered it, and said, ‘ No, Sir ! I thank God I am incapable of committing a fraud !—I was dismissed only for challenging my superior officer.’ ”

“ ‘ Ay,’ said he, ‘ so you say ; but I do not believe you, I am sure you are telling me a

d—d lie—Challenging your superior officer indeed—But where is all the money you were said to be worth? where is it gone? I suppose English Wilson must put down his carriage now—Ay, ay! ill got, ill gone!—gambled it all away, I suppose, or spent it on doxies!’

“None of those, I assure you, Sir,” said I; “but a ship in which I had invested all my property went to the bottom, and my agent in England neglected to make the insurance.”

“ ‘Well then,’ said he, ‘it appears you are now a beggar—What do you mean to do with yourself?’—All this time, you’ll observe, he kept me standing in the yard.

“Why, Sir,” returned I, “knowing you to have a large property, that your only child is provided for, and that I am, or at least ought to be, next to her your first object, and concluding also from your
letters

letters written to me in my prosperity that you would be happy to take me under your protection, I am come to solicit it ; and I hope your pride as well as inclination to serve so near a relation will induce you to prevent my being a burthen to any one."

" ' You have a damned deal of assurance,' interrupted he hastily, ' to speak to me in this style—' Go, go to *English* Wilson ! Go to him, whom you honoured with your correspondence, and enriched with your presents ! He has the best right to assist you.—As for me, expect nothing from me ; depend upon it I never will help you to a shilling's worth.'

" Consider, Sir," said I, " that I have come merely on your own invitation."

" ' Begone !' said he—' Begone, you insolent dog !'—' Can I see my cousin ?' " said I. Will that itself be allowed me ?"

" ' Ahah !

“ ‘ Ahah ! are you thereabouts ? ’ exclaimed the old wretch—‘ I will write to her this moment, and to her husband, to alarm him, and send a horseman off with the letter directly for fear you should thrust your nose in there ; and my curse will I leave upon her if she sees you ! ’

“ I was now as completely convinced of his disposition as a folio volume of words could make me. I therefore resolved to stay no longer—So bowing to him very respectfully, and bidding him farewell in the most formal manner, I retired.

“ On my return to Captain Wilson’s, I told him what passed, omitting those parts of the conversation that related to him ; but as it was little more than he expected, it did not at all surprise him. By his directions, however, I wrote to my cousin claiming her assistance ; but received a polite answer from her husband, declining the pleasure of a visit from me, on account of the
interdict

interdict of his father-in-law—and inclosing me a ten pounds bank-bill, which I returned to him again inclosed in a blank cover.

“ It was now my turn to triumph.—I set off for Dublin—purchased a carriage and horses and complete equipage—hired a retinue of servants—and posted down to the worthy old Captain, who had prepared every thing for my accommodation. I arrived there purposely on Saturday at night, and on Sunday went to church in a style of splendour that dazzled and astonished every one. My uncle was present, and his mortification so far got the better of his constitution, that he actually sickened in the church, and was obliged to retire supported by two men during the performance of divine service.

“ Thus my eyes were opened to my relations’ virtues, and my triumph was so far complete. But as soon as the short-lived pleasure

pleasure arising from that triumph had subsided, reflection—bitter reflection—came in and pointed out to me the horrors of my unconnected—isolated state, and the misery of solitary opulence. I found a void in my heart which I wished to fill, but could not, having resolved never to marry; while the unworthy conduct of my relatives made me splenetic, morose, and averse to familiar intercourse with mankind, whom I began to consider as if generally composed of such men as my uncle, and such women as his daughter. To finish my chagrin, and leave me completely friendless, the Captain's health daily declined, and, united with his great age, rendered it improbable that he could live much longer; and in fact before I left Europe he died, leaving me every thing he possessed—only with this provision, 'that if I ever met with a nephew of his, a sea-faring man, of whom he had heard nothing for several years, I should give him some assistance.'

“ To

“To Bengal I returned in this state of feeling, which was still further exasperated by a circumstance disclosed to me immediately on my landing. To explain this I must inform you, that, long previous to my departure for Europe, I had by a native woman a daughter, for whom I certainly entertained some affection, though not to that extent probably that I should have felt for the child of a woman I loved and was married to. This girl I had placed in the protection of a bosom friend, in whom I would without any hesitation have confided my life, and, what was dearer still to me, my honour. Staying in Europe beyond my limited time, a report prevailed that I was dead; which rumour arose from, or was confirmed by, the accidental circumstance of the death of another person of my name having found its way into the London newspapers, and so out to Calcutta. And as I was exceedingly low on leaving India, no one there doubted that I was gone for ever. This precious friend of mine
conceiving

conceiving the matter to be certain, and knowing me to be very rich, put in practice a device to possess himself of my property; which, to the shame of man, if any thing can be a shame to man, is too frequently practised in that country. He swore to my owing him a sum of money, and by that means obtained administration to my estate; and, to sum up all villany in one master-stroke, he ruined my little girl whom I left in his protection—So that when I arrived there, he was in full possession of the greater part of my property, and my daughter, young though she then was, big with child in his zenana.

“ Nothing can exceed the punctilious honour under which the military gentlemen of India are bound in all cases respecting women:—and this is right; for otherwise much mischief and dissension would ensue from seduction of one kind or other. I might have brought him to a court-martial, and he must have been broken; but
I could

I could not sloop to that—Would to God I had!—First I sued him at civil law, and he directly disgorged my property. I then called him out—the chance was mine—I killed him! and, in doing so, have planted a vulture in my heart to rankle and gnaw therefor ever. From that time my temper grew daily more and more intolerable—I hated all mankind—I avoided all society—Every scene that occurred in Bengal reminded me of the man whom I once loved, and whom in an act of vengeance I cut off from life—The country became intolerable to me, and I determined to return to Europe; for, comfortless though Europe was, it would be better than Bengal. I did so; but after being in England for some time, I found my health declining fast: I therefore, by the advice of my physician, resolved to try a kindlier climate. So settling my whole fortune, amounting to above one hundred thousand pounds, in the funds, appointing an agent to manage my affairs, and putting a young man, an adopted

ed

ed son of mine, to a capital seminary, I came to live here, where I am certainly more healthy, though not more contented, than I was elsewhere. My first and indeed only love still continues to haunt me day and night with all the horrors you may conceive a man to feel who sees the woman whom he loves in possession of another! And my uncle's cruelty, my friend's perfidy, and my rash resentment, fill up the whole of my reflections.—Your generous interference when I was attacked by assassins has marked you out as a person to whom I may give the name of friend, and it shall be your fault if ever we view each other in any other light."

C H A P. III.

NEXT day Captain Markham rode out with Wilmot to Bouvet's plantation, telling him that he proposed to dine there; and as his only pleasures now were those of the table, and his palate was rather of a fastidious kind, he would order out his own cook and wines to the place before them.—Charles did not wish to contradict a man of his new friend's strange temper, but offered to lay him a wager that he would eat of Madam Bouvet's cookery as heartily as ever he ate of any in his life. The old gentleman seemed to be unusually exhilarated; and when he arrived at the plantation, the good couple were much surprised to see, instead of the morose creature they expected, a gentleman of tolerable affability. At

the request of Wilmot, they exerted their culinary powers to the utmost, and dressed up one or two fricassees and ragouts, which so far justified Charles's assertions, that the old gentleman rejected his curry and pil-law and ate of nothing else. The Captain had in fact told Charles no more than truth when he said he set a high value on the pleasures of the table. Most people who have lived in India are great epicures; but the utter destitution of all other enjoyment concentrated the whole of his pleasures in the luxuries of good meat and good wine, and he thought the least he could do with his hard-earned wealth was to indulge himself.

While yet the flavour of Madam Bouvet's dishes was fresh on his palate, he requested Charles would call her in, that he might express his satisfaction to her, and drink her health. Wilmot accordingly begged her to come; and the Captain, desiring her to sit down, drank her health in French,
which

which to their great astonishment she answered in the Irish language, which though neither Wilmot nor his friend were great proficient in, they yet understood well enough to perceive that Madame Bouvet was an Irish woman. "I perceive, Madam," said Wilmot, "that you are a countrywoman of mine, and am sorry you had not sufficient confidence in me before to let me know it.—"Pardon me," Sir, said she, "it was not want of confidence prevented me, but foolishness to say, I am not in the habit, nor does Monsieur Bouvet like my telling every one I am not French; and I could perceive before you were long here, that the less Ireland was mentioned before you the better. However, I could not resist the desire I felt, seeing two so very respectable Irish gentlemen in my house, of speaking to them in my native language."—She then assured them, that Monsieur Bouvet, and not she, was the cook who had given such extraordinary pleasure to Captain Markham's palate.

“ Pray, Madam,” said the Captain, “ tell me one thing—but first promise to pardon the liberty I am going to take, as it is not an idle one. ”

Madame Bouvet bowed her head in assent.

“ Are you rich? or how are you circumstanced?—In short, are you so circumstanced as to prefer this plantation to a more lucrative and easy life?”

“ To tell you the truth, Sir,” said she, “ we are not rich, nor yet do we like this place; for the little we have is rather decreasing than otherwise. Monsieur Bouvet is my second husband: my first was an Irishman, his name was Lyons; he went over to India many years ago as a soldier in the French service, and I accompanied him; he was killed there:—and Monsieur Bouvet, who was servant to a French General, took a liking to and married me,
and

and I became with him a domestic in the General's family. A few years ago, the General was ordered home to France, and, whatever the reason of it was, did not choose to trust himself in the way of the French king; and so going to the island of Goa, he took a passage for himself and his whole retinue in a Portuguese vessel, which brought us all to Lisbon, where he lived but two years when a very violent fever cut him off. Bouvet and I had some money:—we accidentally met this plantation—took a liking to it—and have ever since rented it; but we are every day going backwards, and have for some time had a notion of quitting it.”

“Where was your first husband killed?”
said the Captain.

“At a small black town near Pondicherry, Sir.”

“ Do you recollect,” said he, “ what year that was in ?”

“ Ah ! Lord bless your honour ! I have good cause to remember it ; for I not only had my husband killed, but lost a child, the delight of my eyes, the finest boy that ever woman reared. The placè was attacked at night—a drum beat in the town—I bounced up, not knowing what was the matter, and ran out, leaving the boy asleep in bed. When I got into the street, my ears were stunned with the firing of guns ; a guard of French soldiers drove us all out at one end of the town, while the British troops entered at the other. In vain I cried out for the child—they would not let me return—We were put into Pondicherry, and not let out again till the British army left that quarter ; and from that day to this I never heard of the child.”

While she was speaking, the Captain
seemed

seemed much agitated. He looked at her with much of severe scrutiny in his eye; and when she had done—"Pray, Madam, was that child your own?" said he with a slow and solemn tone of voice—She reddened—"No, Sir," said she, "it was not; but I loved it as though it were my own."

"Whose child then was it?" said he.

"It was my husband Lyons's."

"Are you sure of that, Madam?" said the Captain gravely. Madame Bouvet seemed disconcerted—Charles was surprised—The Captain proceeded: "Well, Madam, consult your husband; and if he will come and cook for me, you shall both make part of my family—the terms shall not be disadvantageous to you, if you like the situation. Consider of it, and let me have an answer to-morrow. I think of returning soon to England, perhaps to Ireland,

land, where you may also come with me, and where perhaps you will see something not displeasing to you."

Madam Bouvet could not help staring at Markham with astonishment, and each looked at the other with an eye of significance, as who should say there is more in your thoughts than you have said. The lady at length left the room in manifest confusion; but Charles did not think proper to ask Markham any questions, as he shewed a disposition, when he saw the woman confused, to wave the conversation. The whole of it, however, did not fail to surprise him very much.

When they had drank a bottle or two after dinner, the Captain rose, and, observing that he was too old to stay long from home, proposed to Charles to accompany him thither, which the other agreed to. Wilmot went to his room to arrange something with Dennis before he went; and on
his

His coming down perceived Bouvet and his wife with the Captain, settling with him to become a part of his domestic establishment. Their looks were full of meaning, and they seemed to part with very different sensations from those with which they met.

As they walked into town—"Wilmot," said the Captain, "I have been thinking of your affair with great attention; and I by no means conceive it to be so desperate as you seem to think it: it is an old and in some respects a true saying, that 'a faint heart never won a fair lady.' And when your life and happiness, and that of the young lady too, as you think, are at stake, it is your superior duty to wave that reasonable obedience you owe to your father's will, and, if you can obtain her consent, take her away: that done, leave the rest to me. Knowing women however as I do to be all jilts, and having no reason to think your lady a whit better than

mine in her nature, I must insist upon it that no time shall be lost. I have in my head at present a plan, which, if she does not jilt you herself (a thing most probable), cannot I think fail of success; and I do assure you that I am more interested in the event than you can readily believe.—Try and prove—What say you, Wilmot?—Will you put yourself implicitly into my hands, and suffer me to direct you?”

“ I will !” replied Wilmot eagerly.

“ Will you resolve to obey me without repugnance, and do every thing I desire you to do that shall be found consistent with honour ?”

“ I will most implicitly obey you !” said Wilmot.

“ Come on then,” said Markham—“ In the very first ship that is bound to England we will sail ; and in three weeks after our landing

landing from thence in Ireland, I will undertake, if you keep your word, to put your Arabella as you call her into your arms ; that is to say, if she has not already surrendered herself into the possession of another—an event for which I recommend it to you to be prepared.”

Love, like many other misfortunes, has a strong tendency to make its subjects sanguine and credulous ; and, as the drowning man catches at every bulrush with a new spring of hope, the lover grasps at every little suggestion, however illusory, that flatters his heart with the enjoyment of even a temporary hope. Thus Wilmot could not help persuading himself that there was something more in the mind of Captain Markham than found utterance, and that by his means he should yet be happy. Hope, which had so long been extinguished in his mind, again revived, and restored his heart in some measure to tranquillity. He knew Arabella's fidelity, and declared

to Markham that he had not the smallest doubt about it. But the old fellow still would say to him, "Do not depend upon her!—She will jilt you if my name be Miles Markham—and if she does not, she is no true woman." All this, however, made not the least impression on the heart of Wilmot.

The succeeding day the two gentlemen rode to the city of Lisbon; and the Captain going to his agent there, left directions to take accommodations for him and his whole suite in the first large ship bound to any port in England, and to give him immediate notice of it. The idea of returning home and seeing all that was dear to him operated powerfully on the spirits of Wilmot, who in fact was already much recovered, and had every prospect, as the spring would be commenced by the time he arrived at home, to get completely free from danger, to which he expected the voyage would not a little contribute; while,

while, on the other hand, Markham having something in view, and something to employ him, lost a great deal of his usual huskiness.

On the return of our two gentlemen back to the inn where they had left their horses, Dennis, who had attended them to Lisbon, was missing; and, though he was searched for all about the neighbourhood, could not be found. As it was early in the day they resolved to wait for him, left, being unacquainted with the town, and utterly ignorant of the language, something might have happened to the fellow in which their assistance would be wanting. It was full three hours before any tidings were had of him, though several people were sent in search, with a promise of being well rewarded if they found him; for, to tell the truth, Wilmot loved the poor fellow as much as if he had been his brother. At length Dennis made his appearance, led in by two of the messengers, in such a condition

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duion as terrified his master, and startled old Markham himself. His ruddy complexion was changed to a corpse-like paleness—his hair stood erect upon his head—his nostrils were widely dilated—his mouth was open, as if the muscles of his under-jaw had lost their power—he trembled from head to foot—and a cold sweat poured down his face. Sinking into a seat, he was just swooning, when Markham took a decanter of wine and poured some down his throat—while Charles, incapable of any effort, with concern and amazement exclaimed, “Dennis! Dennis! What in the name of God is the matter with you?” Dennis could make no answer; but, raising up his eye-lids, and staring at his master, shook his head with strong demonstrations of horror. Markham, however, still plied him with wine, and at length brought him so far to recollection and speech that he cried, “Leave this place directly!—leave this place directly!—for surely hell is emptied into it, and we will be all burned up
 by

by devils !” Wilmot was now firmly persuaded that the unhappy fellow had lost his senses, and forthwith ordered that a surgeon should be brought to bleed him ; and as one of those operators lived next door to the inn, he soon presented himself before them with his shaving-bason, soap, razors, combs, and lancets *. By Wilmot’s desire he was preparing to perform the operation of phlebotomy on Dennis, when the latter, starting from his seat, lifted a chair, and swore, if any Portuguese offered to touch him with his burning hand, he would mash his bones to atoms !—Then turning to Wilmot—“ What do you want to bleed me for ?—Is it because every drop of blood in my body is already frightened out of it ?—’Tis fitter for you, master, to get on horseback and get out of this *Curse o’ Jafus* town than to be talking about bleeding me.—For God’s sake, Mr. Captain, advise him ! for if you do not, we will be all burned up to

* Barbers perform the operative parts of surgery in Portugal and Spain.

a cinder.—Oagh! Oagh! Oagh!—Curse on them and their otterfrays for me!” Then observing the barber still waiting with his lancets—“Hark ye, you cinder-faced son of hell! if you do not take yourself away, and make yourself scarce this moment, may I never see the kingdom of heaven if I do not take your lancets and thrust them down your own throat!”—

Markham then ordered the barber to withdraw, and Wilmot demanded of Dennis what was the matter with him: but the fellow still seemed either unable or unwilling to answer, and continued to cry, “Come away, I say, master dear! come away out of this abominable town:—I won’t answer one word while I am in it—for who knows but the devils are ready to grapple at and snatch us away in fire!”

“What can be the matter with the fellow?” said Captain Markham angrily.

“Captain,”

“ Captain,” said Dennis, “ are you a protestant ?”

“ Yes, I am.—What of that ?”

“ And you do not know an otter-fray ?”

“ Oho !” said Markham ; “ I begin to comprehend the fellow’s meaning — Come then, Wilmot, as we have nothing further to do, let us move homeward, and Dennis shall tell us on the way what has befallen him.”

They accordingly got on horseback, and, leaving Lisbon, returned to the town where Markham lived, and whither he invited Charles to come and take up his residence, as Bouvet and his wife were immediately to leave their plantation in order to prepare for going with him to England.

Soon after they arrived at Markham’s house, Dennis being by that time able to
give

give a distinct account of himself, he was summoned to attend his master in order to explain the cause of his absence and extraordinary conduct at Lisbon.

“ Please your honour !” said Dennis, “ I was standing at the door of the inn looking about me, when I saw a crowd running by me as fast as their legs could carry them; and as they were all seemingly in great joy, and laughing loud enough, I asked an English sailor, who was running along with the crowd, what was the matter? and he told me it was an otter-fray. So, hearing it was a fray, I thought it was worth going to see; and as I had never seen or heard of an otter-fray, I thought with myself I should have plenty of diversion. So myself went along with them until we got into a great square, and there I heard trumpets squeaking in the ugliest way I ever heard; and at last I saw a matter of a hundred devils with clothes of flame and fire, that is, with flames and fire painted on them,

them, and a poor creature of a woman in
 the thick of them. The devils seemed as
 if they had all had blisters on the crowns of
 their heads, for there was not a bit of hair
 on one of them. At last, after a great deal
 of jabber, before God they tied the poor
 woman to a post, put sticks of wood about
 her, and set fire to them. I vow to the
 Lord, master, myself thought that it was
 some kind of raree-show joke till I saw
 the poor creature burning and heard her
 screech, and then I thought the life would
 leave me; and I was fainting away when a
 man who spoke broken English seeing me
 going burst out laughing, and threw a
 pinch of snuff in my face and eyes, which
 brought me to myself, though I was almost
 blinded. When I came to myself, and re-
 covered my sight, the thief was gone—But
 there were the devils, Lord deliver me!
 in the shape and dress of friars, all singing
 high mass round the ashes of the fire. God
 save us! I smell it at this minute, I think.
 I got very sick, and I thought I should
 have

have lost my senses, and was scarcely able to walk when your messengers came up to me. One of them speaks a little English; and I asked him what those devils were who were suffered to commit murder so openly? He said they were not devils, but holy men, priests, who were burning a woman, and sending her to hell with prayers. ‘For what?’ said I, ‘In the name of Jesus, for what?’—‘For what!’ said he—(mind me, master, only think of it!)—‘for what!—Why, for being a protestant! And were not they right?’ said he.—‘And do they burn every protestant?’ said I.—‘Yes,’ said he, ‘they do.’—Now, though your honour knows I am no protestant, I thought of you, and imagined I saw you already in the flames. But if ever I get out of this damnable country, I am sure I shall never bear the sight of a priest as long as I live. But, for God’s sake! dear master of mine, get away home as fast as possible, where you may die for love as fast as you please,

please, but will not be burned for being a protestant !”

Dennis having finished his story retired, but not without conjuring his master, with tears in his eyes, to leave an infamous country, which had not only made him hate all mankind, but even hate the religion he was bred in—“ I will be no more a catholic !” said he—“ By the soul of me I will not belong to any such burning blasted religion !”

As soon as Dennis was gone—“ This *otter-fray*, as Dennis calls it, is an *auto de fé*,” said Markham ; “ that is to say, an execution of the sentence of the Inquisition. Dennis has certainly described the matter pretty nearly. The priests who execute it are dressed in such clothes as he describes, emblematical of hell’s torments.”

“ I have read of it,” said Charles ; “ but, good God ! how faint is written description compared

compared with the picture this poor honest fellow's countenance and expressions gave us of the horrible ceremony ! You see the effects of it—they have absolutely unhinged the poor fellow's faith—and he abjures, from feeling and good sense, the religion he was born and bred up in."

"Yes," said the Captain—"Toland, Voltaire, Rousseau, and all the deistical writers put together, could not make half so many deists as one priest of the christian religion would if unshackled by fear.—Good God!" continued he, "if mankind were to make a fair calculation of their various ills in life, assigning to each cause its particular evil consequence, sure there would be none found such ruinous enemies to human happiness and human greatness as priests: they have not only shackled and tormented the bodies, and drained the purses, of their fellow-creatures, but have humiliated the mind of man, and lowered him beneath the standard of his nature.

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For sixteen hundred years and more genius has hid its head abashed, and even kingly power dropped its enfeebled arm before the talismanic folly and fraud of churchmen; while, not content with smothering the efforts of genius, resisting the struggles of manhood, draining the whole treasures of the earth, and drawing princes, potentates, states and empires into their all-devouring vortex, they have saturated their idols with blood—with human blood. See a Bacon, mistakenly denominated by Mr. Pope the wisest of mankind—see him brandishing the scourge of intolerance with as great rigour as the most stupid and cruel priest of the Holy Inquisition, and boast if you can of the pride of intellect! Had we not such damning proofs of it on whichsoever side we look, would it be possible to believe that any being endowed with faculties above the brute creation could be so blind?—that any one acquainted with even the instinctive feelings of animal life could think it acceptable to an all-good and all-merciful

God,

God, that man should wage war against his fellow-creatures, and deliberately shed their blood, merely on account of a doctrinal point (the barren speculation of idle, artful, disputatious priests) propounded to cover imposition? Yet under these pretexts has more blood been shed—more gross enormities committed—more mean frauds practised—more tyranny exercised—more innocents barbarously massacred—and more tears shed—in short, more general devastation spread over the face of the earth, than for all the other real causes or false pretexts that have since the beginning of the creation armed the hand of man against his fellow-creature, and deluged the world with blood. — Look to GOA — see bigotry there striding like a remorseless giant over that once happy island, and sweeping away by fire and sword its innocent inhabitants—all *for the love of Christ!* — Look to South America — see a *holy father of the church*, armed with the cross in one hand, and the less devouring sword

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in the other, followed by a clan of christian bloodhounds stalking with desolation in his train through a nation of the most unoffending and amiable of existing beings, and letting loose havoc among them! —Look here, just under your very eyes, see the damned Inquisition, like a merciless tiger—its eyes flashing flames of fire—its jaws reeking with human blood, lashing itself with sanguinary fury, and roaring for more victims!—See the fruits of the earth, produced by the labours of millions who are themselves and their families pining the while in want, and languishing in wretchedness, devoured by a swarm of human locusts—unproductive burdens on their nature—unproductive even by system—a horde of sensual priests, and voluptuous divines of various sects, who, to conceal their views, preach hatred among men, and set them in conflict with each other, that, while employed in mutual annoyance, they themselves may plunder the earth. Ah! barbarous, cold-blooded, sinful russians!

who have for centuries cursed your fellow-creatures, and abused your God!—the time comes when the curtain will be torn down, the grand machinery with which you have deceived the world be laid open to public view, and your grand pantomime only serve to excite among men disgust and abhorrence for you, and wonder and contempt for their own credulity!”

The whole of this day's business, and the energetic effusion of the worthy Markham's heart upon the occasion, made a deep impression on the mind of Wilmot. He dwelt upon it with melancholy reflection, and could not help combining some new-risen ideas with the recollection of passages in Mr. Howard's family. He remembered to have observed much of that detestably intolerant spirit in many people at home, not even excepting those of the more liberal reformed church.—Filled with those ideas he lay down to rest, and falling asleep had a dream, which, when he awoke in
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the morning, he threw into the following words :

A V I S I O N.

EXHAUSTED, woe-worn, and with care oppress'd,

As on my tear-dew'd couch I lately lay,
 Fatigued with fruitless thought I sunk to rest,
 And lost in sleep's dark shades the glimpse of day.

Still haunted by my never-sleeping cares,
 A hideous vision floated in my sight,
 Worse than to fever-phrensy'd brain appears,
 And smote my heart with horror and affright.

From every point within the seaman's chart,
 Methought tempestuous winds at once did blow ;
 The trembling earth in terror seem'd to start,
 And, rous'd to anger, ocean raged below.

Swift from all points before the tempest sped,
 Black, menacing, and thick, the dreary clouds
 In conflict seem'd to grapple o'er my head,
 And fill'd the darken'd air with howlings loud.

Still as they throng'd upon th' oppress'd air,
 The round-mouth'd thunder loud and deep did roll ;
 Millions of trumpets, clangor rack'd the ear,
 And, join'd with darkness, terrify'd the soul.

But through the void though dreadful thunder roar'd,
 Obscur'd by clouds no lightning met the sight,
 A temporary flash of comfort to afford,
 Or break the darkness with one ray of light.

From op'ning sepulchre, and yawning grave,
Methought the sicken'd earth cast up the dead ;
While Nature seem'd, convuls'd with pangs, to heave,
And sink, expiring, in chaotic bed.

In awful wonder while I stood entranc'd,
And chilling terror chain'd me to the place,
Athwart the gloom my Arabel advanc'd,
And, trembling, clasp'd me in a fond embrace.

And " Save, oh save me, Wilmot ! " she exclaim'd,
" From misery sharper than e'er maid did taste !
" To nuptials worse than fiends themselves e'er fram'd
" My father urges me with impious haste.

" On this dread night, by vile imposture sway'd,
" He dooms thy love to fill a villain's arms :
" Then let me not to ruin be betray'd,
" But haste and shield me from those dire alarms ! "

In graceful act then stretching forth her hand—
" Take this," she cry'd, " 'tis all I have to give,
" And lead me straightway to some distant land,
" Where, unmolested, we may love and live ! "

Scarce had she spoke, when with a hideous crack
The thunder cleft the blackest cloud in two,
From which forth issuing, on a scorpion's back,
A hideous phantom started into view :

Larger than largest monster of the tide
 Which fiction gives to the Norwegian main
 The reptile seem'd on which the hag did ride,
 As foul and fierce it crawl'd along the plain.

Onward it mov'd, and, as it press'd the ground,
 From every step a fountain sprung of blood,
 Which mix'd with trickling poison spread around,
 And left behind a deep devouring flood.

To giant height the phantom's self did rise,
 Relentless fury bask'd upon her brow,
 And, sunk within her head, her hollow eyes
 Proclaim'd her thoughts were cruel, base, and low.

Wasted with ire and envy to the bone,
 Erect with pride, emaciate with age,
 She loud proclaim'd the world was all her own,
 And those who own'd it not should feel her rage.

"And thou," said she, "young impious fiend, shalt feel,
 "'Tis dang'rous to resist our high behest!"
 Then drawing forth a shaft of poison'd steel,
 Prepar'd to strike at Arabella's breast.

At that dread moment, numbness seiz'd her hand,
 While rays of light the fleeting clouds dispel;
 Aghast the guilt-struck phantom seem'd to stand,
 And from its grasp the deadly weapon fell.

Sudden I saw, descending from the sky,
Two angel forms alight upon the ground;
Celestial odours from their pinions fly,
And fill with fragrance all the air around.

Close to the filthy phantom they drew nigh,
And flash'd upon her face their radiant light,
When straight she seem'd to lessen to the eye,
And gradually vanish'd from the sight.

Then to my Arabel the foremost said,
While th'other look'd with kind approving smiles:
"Be still as always true, accomplish'd maid,
"And fear not *Bigotry* with all her wiles:

"For, dreadful though the phantom may appear
"When hid by its own arts from common sight,
"It shrinks, you see, when *TRUTH* and I appear
"To lug the hideous monster into light.

"Dispel, fond pair! all doubts then from your mind,
"Soon shall you see accomplish'd all your ends;
"For Innocence and Love shall ever find,
"While they exist, in *Truth* and *Reason* friends."

Thus having spoke, aloft on silver wing
They soar'd in air—Swell'd with the glorious theme,
I strove to raise my voice their praise to sing,
And, straightway waking, found 'twas but a dream!

C H A P. IV.

IT was full six weeks before a vessel offered them an opportunity, such as they liked, of departing from England ; about which time an English East Indiaman came to anchor in the Tagus : she had met with heavy gales of wind, that carried away her main-mast, and obliged her to scud under a jury-mast to Lisbon. As there were no passengers on board but a Lady, her children and servants, the Captain agreed to accommodate Markham, whom he had known on his passage to India. As soon, therefore, as her repairs were completed, they sailed from the Tagus—Dennis quite delighted to have his countrywoman Madam Bouvet on board, and not less so at the thoughts of once more revisiting old Ireland ; where if there were no grapes,

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oranges,

oranges, or wine to be purchased for small coppers, there was no burning of women, by priests, painted like devils in honour of Christ.

Previous to coming on board, Captain Markham ordered a large quantity of brandy and wine to be shipped in order that he might be liberal to the hands on the passage, particularly as there were a number of old and sickly invalid soldiers on board who wanted refreshment. The day after they hove up anchor and got to sea, he ordered Dennis to take a cask of wine and broach it at the mainmast. Here, while Dennis was serving it about, the eyes of Markham, who was walking the deck with Charles and the purser, were attracted by a sailor with a wooden leg who sat upon the arm-chest, and, looking at him attentively, uttered a volley of oaths with a torrent of sea jargon which was scarcely intelligible: "D—n my dear eyes! there he is, by G—d! there is old Heart-of-oak!--though a soldier,

no lubber ; ay, ay, that is he ! ” — Then addressing the old gentleman, “ Mayhap your name ben’t Markham, be it ? ” — “ Yes, friend,” said the other, “ my name is Markham.”

“ Ay, ay, you worked a gun on the quarter-deck of the Malacca Indiaman when she beat off two French cruisers at the Cape de Verds—Did not you ? ”

“ You are so far right, my friend.”

“ Ay, ay, d—n my eyes you did ! and a better fellow never stood at a gun, thoff you were no seaman, but going for the army—Yes, yes, I remember you well, though your hull is worse and your rigging better than they were then—You were a d—d handsome fellow then, as ever slept between stem and stern ; but your timbers are got crank and crazy a little now, and your bow is cursedly seamed—I suppose split with the weather—for you are not as old as myself.”

“ And pray may I take the freedom of asking who are you ? for I protest I have no recollection of you.”

“ Ay, ay, belike you do forget me, for I have had some hard weather as well as yourself ; and you see (striking his wooden leg with his cudgel) one of my sticks has been carried away, and I am forced to quit the service, and scud home under a jury-mast, to be laid up as an old condemned hulk.”

“ As I look at you,” said Markham, “ your face becomes familiar to me ; and I think I now recollect you, though your name—”

“ My name is Kit Cluline, master ; you may remember I was a quarter-master on board the Malacca.”

“ Indeed I do,” returned Markham ; “ and if I do not mistake, it was you who,
when

when we were lying at St. Jago in the Cape de Verd islands, leaped overboard to save a poor recruit who had fallen in and was drowning, and very nearly lost your own life in the attempt."

"Ah, master! as to that, that was nothing more than every man should do."—Cluline then informed the Captain that he had been all the preceding war on board a king's ship; that, besides several other wounds, he had lost his leg in the service; and was going home to look for a provision at Greenwich. Markham desired him not to leave the vessel without speaking to him, and, giving him a direction, desired him to look out for him in London, where probably he might be of service to him. Dennis was then introduced to Cluline's acquaintance, and ordered to inquire whether he stood in need of any immediate necessaries in order that he might be immediately furnished with them.

In a fortnight after leaving Lisbon they took soundings in the Channel, and on the evening of the succeeding day were off the Isle of Wight; when, leaving the vessel, Captain Markham, Charles Wilmot, and their servants, took a boat, and, landing on that beautiful island, staid two days to view it—whence crossing over to Southampton, they proceeded to London.

As Captain Markham insisted on Wilmot's living under the same roof with him, they took lodgings together in a respectable part of the Adelphi Buildings, from whence the latter went without delay to visit Mr. Hartpole, who was equally pleased and surprised at the change in his appearance; upon which he congratulated him heartily, attributing it entirely to the kindly influence of the climate, and the happy effects of a voyage by sea. To this Wilmot gave no contradiction, though he had sense enough to be persuaded that a great part
of

of his restoration was owing to a very different cause.

Mr. Hartpole was much surpris'd and concerned to hear of Wilmot's resolution to lodge out of his house; but when the young gentleman inform'd him of his reasons for doing so he was in some respect reconcil'd, for the name and the reputation of Markham were both well known to him; and although they had no personal intimacy, he knew the Captain to be a man of wealth and undoubted honour, besides his being a most excellent officer. He could not help thinking, however, that there was something altogether ridiculous in the proposition of the old Captain respecting Arabella; and the credulity and sanguine hopes of Wilmot founded on such a promise were, he thought, much beneath such an understanding as his: however, as it was at worst the error of an ingenuous and unsuspicious mind, and as it at all events made him for the time happy, he would

would not break in on his reverie, or attempt to snatch the pleasing delusion from before his eyes. He therefore let it pass with an inward smile, and contented himself with desiring to see that benevolent misanthrope—a requisition which Wilmot promised to comply with if possible, telling him at the same time that it was an enterprise in which he had some doubts of succeeding, as Markham avoided intercourse with strangers as much as possible.

This being discussed, Mr. Hartpole told Charles that he must prepare himself for the reception of very afflicting news. Wilmot turned pale, and scarcely was able to support himself upon his tottering knees. “Miss Howard,” said he breathless—“Miss Howard is given to the arms of another?”—“Not so,” returned Mr. Hartpole.—“She is dead then?”—“No, not that either.”—“Gracious God!” exclaimed he in an agony—“My father!—Oh sure it cannot be!—surely I am not so cursed!

—Oh! Mr. Hartpole, is my father—”
 “Your father!” interrupted Mr. Hartpole—“your father is well—so is your mother—well I mean in health.”—“Oh, great Dispenser of good, Author of mercy!” exclaimed Wilmot casting up his eyes to heaven in a delirium of joy—“blessed be thy name, who hast saved to me the authors, the supporters of my being!”—Mr. Hartpole was deeply affected by this display of filial piety, and Wilmot remained as if entranced, the horrid supposition of his father’s death having made a dreary void in his mind. After giving him some time to get rid of the embarrassinent of his feelings, Mr. Hartpole, taking him by the hand, proceeded—“Most excellent young man! now, while your mind, prepared by the apprehensions of a greater evil, is better fitted to endure a lesser, hear what this afflicting news is.”—Wilmot sat down; and, looking him earnestly in the face, prepared to swallow every word.—“Your brother,” continued he, “is dead.”——“Dead!”—
 “Yes,

“ Yes, my dear youth, he is dead, and you must prepare to bear the stroke like a man. Your father is in great affliction, and it is fortunate that you are in the way to contribute to his comfort.” He then gave Charles a letter, which he hastily broke open, and read as follows :

“ MY DEAR CHARLES,

“ YOUR unhappy brother, whose last years have been but one uninterrupted series of misconduct to himself and injury to his family, has at length ended his career. You know how much I loved him, and will guess how severe my feelings for his death must have been : but you will hardly be able to conceive the extent of my anguish at the mode of his death. I purpose-ly forbear mentioning it, as it involved offences against us all, and chiefly against that family which above all others he ought from decency to have avoided, I mean the family of Mr. Howard. I am able to say no more but this—If you can face this country without great violence to your feelings, come over ;

over ; for much I want, and so does your mother, the consolation of your company.

“ God bless you, my child ! and reserve you at least to your afflicted father,

“ CLEM. WILMOT.”

Charles was unable to speak for some time after he read this letter ; but at last he was relieved by a shower of tears—“ Alas, my dear father !” said he, “ great have been thy afflictions indeed ! — And henceforth every sordid consideration of self—even my love, if possible, shall give way to those demands you have upon your son for consolation.—Yes, I will go home and encounter all the ills which disappointed love can draw up in array against me, rather than leave you, my adored parents, to solitude and disconsolation.”—Mr. Hartpole then presented him another letter ; on viewing the direction of which, he knew it to be from his beloved Arabella. His feelings were indescribable ; and he abruptly begged

ged leave to depart: but Mr. Hartpole saved him further pain by leaving the room on pretence of business. He then with trembling hands broke open the seal, and read as follows:

“ YOUR letter at departing, as it was at first the source of the most poignant pain, was afterwards my only consolation, and almost my only companion. Your protestations of love and fidelity, my Wilmot, were superfluous to me, who know you, and, knowing, can't distrust you. If, as is said, distrust be the constant associate of love, Arabella is mistaken in her heart, and loves not. If, on the contrary, exalted opinion, unbounded esteem, entire approbation, and unlimited confidence, be the characteristics of true affection, she boasts, nor blushes to boast, that she loves—loves too with certainty not to be shaken of mutual affection and fidelity. Yes, Wilmot! I know your heart, and in that knowledge am doubly wounded at your departure—

departure — wounded deeply by my own sorrow for our separation, and still more by sympathy for yours. I too well know what you must have suffered, and feel a correspondent pang for every sigh it cost you. Would to God that the suffering were mine alone !—that I could pluck the barbed shaft of sorrow from your bosom, and plant it in my own !—so should I from the excess of misery extract new rapture, and die with the consolation that I left my Wil-
 mot happy. But, alas ! this must not be ; and we must both sip deep of woe ! Yet let this be your consolation, as my unbounded confidence in your affection is mine, that no earthly force, at least none where laws afford protection against force, shall ever compel me to be the wife of another. I have reason to believe that means will be used to bend me to an union I abhor ; but I thank God I feel within me spirit enough to resist an act of violence upon my just rights and feelings, even though sanctioned by the revered name of
 a father,

a father, and will not fail to demonstrate it. At all events rely on my firmness—hope for the best—and recollect that perseverance in a just and virtuous cause never yet failed to bear down every impediment at last.

“ A. H.”

On reading this letter Wilmot found in it a temporary oblivion of all family-disasters; and, as soon as he could get away from Mr. Hartpole, went to his lodgings, where he triumphantly imparted it to his old friend the Captain, who on his part seemed surprised and affected at such a convincing proof of love and fidelity. He took the letter to the window, read it over and over again; and to conceal his emotions held it close to his eyes, and, turning his back on Wilmot, exclaimed—“ Hah! —This is somewhat!—A gallant wench! —A noble girl, by Heavens!—Ah! how unlike her mother!” Wilmot thought he raved—“ What, Sir! her mother did you say?” —“ Her father, child, I meant,”
said

said he peevishly—"her father—do not take me up before I am down—Her mother!—ha! ha! ha!—No, I meant her father." Then folding up the letter, and returning it to Charles, he remained for some time in profound thoughtful silence, except with the occasional interruption of a groan.

Wilnot saw he was affected by some sudden feeling, and retired to his own room, where he was soon followed by Dennis, who said he wished to speak to him about an affair of consequence. Dennis then by his desire shut the door, and walking over to the looking-glass began to stroke his face with great complacency, surveying his image in it from head to foot, with marks of unusual regard and self-approbation.

Charles was astonished: it was a kind of behaviour he had never observed in the fellow before; and it was obvious to him, from the grave self-sufficiency and importance of his air, that it was not intended
for

for humour. He had therefore nothing left for it but to conclude that he was drunk or insane.

“ Sir ! — Sir ! — please your Honour,” said he (still stroking his face at the looking-glass), I want to ask your advice about a thing that concerns me very much.”

“ Well, Dennis,” returned Wilmot, “ tell me what it is ; and if either my advice or assistance can be of any use to you, you know you shall have them.”

“ Ah ! God blefs you !” said Dennis, “ you are your father’s own son for that, and yourself to boot ; and the devil a such another pair in the kingdom for doing the good thing !”

“ Well, well—a truce with your compliments—What were you about to say ?”

“ Does your Honour know Moudee ?”

“ Moudee !

"Moudee! Moudee!" repeated Wilmot, whose apprehensions of the fellow's insanity began to increase—"Who or what, in the name of God, is Moudee?"

"Why, Moudee that was on board the ship with us coming from Hell—I mean Lisbon."

"No, really," said Wilmot; "I never heard of such a name in my life before."

"Phoo! — Lord save us! — Does not your Honour remember Mrs. Riot's pretty-faced little girl, black to be sure, but very pretty—she that wore the great thick necklace and ear-bobs of gold?"—"No," replied Wilmot—"Yet stay—I do remember to have once, when going down between decks, seen a little yellow girl peeping out of Mrs. Riot's cabin."

"Oagh! it's the same—The dear little creature was peeping out for me at the very time,

time, I warrant it. She is not yellow, but brown, or half black half white, or, as she says herself, a blueskin, being the daughter of an English Captain in that great rich country beyond seas where they get so much money—Phoo!—What's the name of it?—I heard the Captain talk of it to you."

"Do you mean Bengal, Dennis?"

"Yes, yes, your Honour, the same; though I do not wonder you should not see much of her, for she never would go where the gentlemen were, whatever was her reason for it. But be that as it may, she has a mint of money, I dare say five hundred pounds, besides her thingembobs on her arms, and ear-rings and necklaces of gold, and jewels:—and then she has nose ear-rings too; and she put one in her nose as big as a horse-shoe, and it frightened me to look at her: so I told her that she looked for all the world like our black sow at home, with the ring in her nose: so she took it out again, twisted it up together, and put it up
in

in her box, and cried as if her heart would break—So, 'faith! then I kissed her—And by my soul she was going to put the other ring in! —and—”

“ But what of all this, Dennis ?” said Charles, kindly interrupting him.

“ Why, please your honour,” said Dennis, pulling up his breeches and looking very big and important, “ you must know that Moudee has fallen in love with me; and with the fair thoughts of the dear creature's goodness I have fallen stark mad in love with her, which your honour knows is the least I could do in return—So I told her I would ask you for your consent, which I now do, and hope you have no objection to our being married, for I would not do it for ever so much without the advice of you or my old master at home.”

Wilmot told him it was a business in which he did not wish on any account or

in any way to interfere; advised him to be cautious, as he could not possibly know enough about her to form a just opinion; and finally warned him against being taken in, but at all events not to marry her till he saw further into her character. "What is her money?" said he—"You shall always have enough, Dennis!—So do not be tempted, by a sum of money supposing it sure, to marry perhaps some wretched creature that would bring shame to your door and sorrow to your heart."

To this Dennis answered, "that she lived with her present mistress, not from want but for protection; that her mistress had her money in possession for her, and it would be forthcoming; and that her lady, with whom she had lived a long time, gave her the best of characters—But what made him, he said, think the better of her was, that she owed to him she had, when extremely young, been seduced by a gentleman of consequence under promise of marriage,

riage, and had had a child by him, since which time she had lived with her present lady a life of irreproachable conduct."

Wilmot still told him to beware, adding, "that if it was his resolution to marry her, he not only would make no objection, but on the contrary would, as far as lay in his power, contribute to his happiness."

Dennis set off in transports to communicate the joyful tidings to Moudee; and Wilmot immediately joined his old friend, who, on seeing him enter, said, "Wilmot, you must have this charming girl, by G—d! nor will I rest till steps are taken for the purpose—it lies nearer my heart than you are aware of; settle your affairs here, and the day after to-morrow we will set out for Ireland. I have a plan in view that cannot fail of success, if I am not very much deceived."

This idea of Captain Markham's tallied

so exactly with the intentions of Wilmot's, that he went forthwith to make the necessary arrangements, and was not back till supper-time. Just as he and Markham had sat down, Dennis burst suddenly into the room waving his hat over his head, huzza-ing as loud as he could roar, and crying triumphantly "I have found her out! I have found her!—Thank God I have found her out!"

"Have you, have you?" said Wilmot rather impatiently, thinking he meant Moudee.

"What, in the name of God, does the madman mean?" said Markham confounded.

"Yes, yes, that I have!" said Dennis, capering about the room and still waving his hat—"I have found her out—I have found her out in the street, in the thick of the carriages and coaches!"

"Ay,

"Ay, ay!" said Wilmot—"that's bad, Dennis; I am very sorry for it."

"You are! are you?—Hubbubboo! by Jafus! Captain, I believe it's my master is mad now. As for me, I am so delighted and overjoyed, that, before God! I would give a crown piece to have some one or other to take two or three strokes of a shil-lalah with me for perfect joy."

"Joy, you blockhead!" said Wilmot, "What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why I mean that I met her coming out of the—the—the—phoo—the Hopper-house."

"You mean the Opera-house?"

"Ay, ay, the same; and Miss Wilhart, and young 'Squire Forster with her, and James attending them."

“ Father of might and mercy !” cried Wilmot breathless with wonder—“ Is it—say is it—or rather are you not mad ?”

“ May I never stir, your honour, if it be not truth !—I spoke to Miss Arybelly ! and she asked me where you were, and I did not know the street to tell her.”

“ Where is she now ?” said Wilmot in distraction.

“ Before God ! master, that is more than I know, for I never thought of asking her ; but she gave me this card, and desired me to give it to you.”

“ Come, give it—haste you, haste you—Why do you not let me have it directly, Dennis ?”

“ Phoo !—There now, what a hurry you are in !” said Dennis searching his pockets.
“ What signifies—You know she is in London,

don, and that is enough."—Dennis searched while Wilmot stood raving with impatience. But he might have searched to doomsday without finding it; for the poor simpleton had, in the transports of his joy, when Arabella gave him the card, instead of putting it up, dashed it into the gutter, and scampered home—leaving his sweet-heart Moudee, who was with him, to find her way home by herself.

It would be difficult to describe, or even to conceive, the rage and anguish of our young gentleman at this disappointment. He danced—beat his head—swore—groaned—and played every prank of a furious and melancholy maniac; but never used a violent word or action to Dennis, so perfectly interwoven were goodness and gentleness in his nature.—It was with much ado the Captain could appease him, and by twelve o'clock at night he was in such a state that it was found expedient to send

for a physician, who pronounced him to be in a high fever ; in which situation, cruel though it may seem, we must leave him, to inquire into the truth of the report made by Dennis.

C H A P. V.

THE account given by Dennis was certainly a true one—He had actually seen Miss Howard, her friend Miss Wishart, and a gentleman along with them, whom Dennis called by the name of Forster, but who remains to be yet introduced to the reader, together with James attending them, coming out of the Opera-house, whither he, with his little Moudee under his arm, had been attracted by the crowds of carriages and links attending the company coming from the performance.—But as we suppose our readers will be as much surprised as Wilmot was at this very extraordinary event, we think it necessary to develop the mystery, and inform them how it came to pass.—To that end we must take another trip across the Channel, and carry the his-

tory of transactions there from the day we left them up to the meeting of Arabella by the zealous Dennis.

When we last parted from the castle of Inchvally, we left Mr. Howard and the whole family of the castle in great consternation, upon an idle report of Charles Wilmot's having been seen haunting it after his supposed death. To Mr. Howard every day brought some new misery, some actual calamity, or some ominous circumstance foreboding calamity, in such succession that it required a stronger mind than his to bear up against them. The reverend Father Dominic, who was his chief support and consolation, was at this time too so taken up at the convent with attending to a sick brother of the house, that he could not stir out—and in a few days the reverend Friar Simon gave up the ghost, and his funeral added one shade more to the gloomy horrors of the castle ; for it was in
the

the old chapel of that place all the friars of the convent were interred.

For many weeks Sir Clement Wilmot and his amiable Lady were totally ignorant of the fate of their favourite Charles, and entirely at a loss how to account for the report which prevailed of his having been seen at the castle great-stone-cross. And the very extraordinary circumstance of the Baronet having next morning found blood at the spot, with other marks of a conflict having taken place, made him very uneasy as to his son, and very dubious of Mr. Howard's honesty. The circumstances, whatever they were, that induced him to entertain those doubts, were revealed at the time only to Dr. Heartly and Mr. Wishart under the seal of secrecy, and most certainly made such an impression upon those gentlemen that Mr. Howard became an object of their abhorrence, or at least suspicion.

Soon after this, Mr. Howard's new-made

friend or acquaintance, Giles, promised to pay him a visit at the castle in a few weeks—and was seven times better than his word, for he was there in a few days; and as Mr. Howard now threw off the mask entirely, and scrupled not openly to avow that he encouraged Giles's addresses to his daughter, he determined to bring back, if possible, the cheerfulness of the castle, and invite the neighbouring gentry—all but Sir Clement's family, with whom, on account of Godfrey's conduct to Miss Howard, he resolved to hold no intercourse—rejoiced no doubt at having that plausible pretext for avoiding those he had irreparably injured.

The arrival of Mr. Giles produced much conversation and speculation in the neighbourhood; and Sir Clement's family (particularly Charles) were too much beloved by the people for that speculation to run in favour of the stranger. Councils were held among the young ladies and the old matrons; and the general opinion of all

seemed to be, that Mr. Giles was a successful Yorkshire horsetealer, who had turned gambler, and contrived by those means to keep up the appearance of a man of fashion. A young gentleman, who had got his education in Yorkshire, positively declared that he would have known his accent and dialect among a thousand to be true York—And there were not wanting those who declared that they had got indubitable intelligence, from the best authority, that he was a noted cheat and horse-jockey.

Mr. Howard, who heard nothing of these reports, was surprised at the tardiness of the country gentlemen in coming to pay their compliments to the stranger. It was the first instance he had ever witnessed, or heard, of their want of politeness on such occasions; and he resolved to go himself among them in order to learn the true cause—though he was, on reflection, not without some apprehensions

ensions that his conduct to the Wilmot family was at the bottom of it.

He accordingly went to Mr. Wilhart, who he was sorry to find received him in a very different manner from what he was wont to do. Instead of warm kindness, pleasure, a squeeze of the hand, and a “ Dick Howard ! how are you ? ” he was met with cold chilling reserve — with “ Please to be seated, Mr. Howard ! — and finally, “ Pray, Mr. Howard, to what circumstance am I indebted for this unexpected visit ? ”

“ A gentleman,” replied Mr. Howard, “ who, though a stranger in this country, is a very particular friend of mine, has done me the favour to pay a visit to the castle — and I came to solicit the favour of your company, with Miss Wilhart’s, to dinner on Sunday ; and that the invitation should have less of formality in it, I have come myself instead of sending a card.”

“ I am

“ I am sorry, Mr. Howard, it is out of my power to wait upon you.”

“ Will you come any day in the next week ?”

“ Impossible, Sir !—Many things render it so. Besides, I expect my house full of company, and among them a young gentleman whom I expect soon to bring into my family in quality of son-in-law. I find my daughter likes him, and he her; and though there are some young men paying their addresses to her whom for my own choice I should prefer, I think it more wise and more honest to leave a matter that so nearly interests her happiness to her own election, being convinced that she must be the best judge. The young fellow is a gentleman, though his fortune is next to nothing; and it is one thing at least in his favour that he is known by every one. He is no adventurer—no horse-jockey—nor foreign fortune-hunter.”

“ You

"You certainly, Mr. Wishart, know your own business best."

"Nature, Mr. Howard, generally directs better in these cases, and is more to be relied on, than the fusty documents of old fellows, who forget what they once were themselves."

"Do I know the young gentleman?" said Mr. Howard.—"Yes, you do; at least you have often seen him here—He is no other than my ward, young Forster."

"Young Forster!" exclaimed Mr. Howard in surprise.

"*Ouy, Monsieur!* — Young Forster—Even he, that poor friendless young man."

"You surprise me indeed," said Mr. Howard.

"Why should I surprise you by doing
that

that which if I did not do I should be a rascal? I kept them in the same place together; they fell in love with each other in the course of their childish intercourse; and as I had myself been unwarily accessory to that intercourse, I thought it would be cruel, dishonourable, wicked, and dishonest, to punish them for that which I ought to have prevented in time. I have therefore given my consent for their union, though I have had splendid offers for the girl from another quarter—offers which none but a madman would refuse, unless in obedience to his duty and to the principles of common honesty. You understand me, Mr. Howard?”

“And pray who is this great match you have sacrificed to your delicacy?”

“Godfrey Wilmot, Mr. Howard; and, let me tell you, the son of Sir Clement Wilmot is a match good enough for the daughter of any subject under the sun; and only my daughter

daughter is already engaged by that most sacred of ties, love, to another person, I would have thought myself the happiest of men to have had a Wilmot for a son-in-law. It would be madness, you know, otherwise to refuse such an offer. Would it not, Mr. Howard?"

"Oh, yes!" returned the other, rather hesitatingly. — "Then how can you, Mr. Howard, even though you can bear the stings and reproaches of your own conscience—how can you come to me, who know what you owe to the kindness of Sir Clement and Lady Wilmot—who know you owe the better part of your daughter to their care, your estate and property to his saving friendly hand, and, even after you had offended, to his honour—who know that you made a sacred engagement in the face of God and man, which in the face of God and man you have broken—who know that by your unjustifiable conduct you have brought that best of families into

as great misery as the conscious rectitude of the best of minds can suffer them to endure—and who know (though perhaps you are ignorant of that part of my knowledge) that you have not contented yourself with striking at the life of that amiable youth whom your perfidy has murdered, by the slow steps of disappointment and grief which you brought upon him, but suborned assassins to cut him off——”

“ Mr. Wishart ! Mr. Wishart ! ” said Howard—“ You shall make good this ! The charge is too serious to be combated by personal appeal to the sword—but——”

“ But what, Sir ! — What ? dare you menace too ? Are you so far gone as to brave shame ? But you would appeal to law ! Do so ; and just at hand there is such damning proof that you yourself, were I to name it, would tremble. Just on the heels of your offences you are going to carouse, and insult the venerable sorrows of
the

the house of Wilmot with nuptial revelry and riot, on the ashes of their son."

The mighty heart of Howard was dejected; for where there is the consciousness of wrong there can be no courage—"You speak to me in riddles, Mr. Wishart," said he; "and I declare I do not understand you—Assassins never were hired by me yet."

"Take care, Mr. Howard!—If on an inquiry, which is now prosecuting, young Wilmot shall not be found, there is presumptive evidence that no ingenuity can escape."

Just at this instant Dr. Heartly arrived. "As for me," continued Mr. Wishart, "entertaining the sentiments I do of Mr. Howard, it would be the most gross hypocrisy and wickedness in me to keep up any correspondence with him."

"There

“ There is not,” interrupted Dr. Heartly—“ there is not a gentleman in the country that has not sworn not to hold converse with him.—“ Dick Howard, let me tell you, you stand in such a predicament as no man of feeling would be in for a million of worlds. You know it not, nor will you till it bursts at once upon your head. Save yourself before the thunder strikes. The silent calm of Sir Clement Wilmot is but the precursor of a storm : he will be satisfied about his son, whose blood is said to have been spilled at your walls.”

“ Am I then deemed a murderer?” said Mr. Howard in a transport of rage—“ By Heavens ! there is not a man who dares to lay to me so foul and false a charge but is a gross calumniator. I know not whence it has arisen, or from whom ; but you, Mr. Wishart, were the first who dared to push it home to me, and you shall answer for it. Let me give you back your insolence then, and tell you, you are a false and foul calumniator.

niator. You understand me, Mr. Wishart!"—Saying which he left the room, and, mounting his horse, turned towards the castle, doubting whether he had not already gone with an invitation to one more than he ought.

As soon as Mr. Howard got home, he took Mr. Giles aside, and, without telling him the origin of his quarrel with Mr. Wishart, informed him they had had words, which went so far that it was incumbent on him to call that gentleman out, and requested he would go with the message and accompany him to the field. Giles felt disagreeably situated. Duels were things in which he thought it prudent not to deal too lavishly; not that the fellow wanted animal courage, but because the practice was at least imprudent, and might lead to very disagreeable consequences as well to the seconds as the principals. He could not, however, with decency decline the proposal; and, after expressing his hopes that

a mediation might be effected, agreed to go that evening.

Meantime Dr. Heartly, who saw how things were likely to go, and was always eminent for making up affairs of that kind where he was not himself a party, went directly to Sir Clement Wilmot and told him the affair, who, after dinner, went as if on a visit to Mr. Wishart, and sat with him till Giles came.

On his first inquiring for Mr. Wishart, Giles was informed that Sir Clement Wilmot was with him—a circumstance at which he was much pleased, as he thought it likely the Baronet would interfere, and prevent matters going too great a length.

Entering the room, and making an awkward bow to each of the gentlemen, he advanced up to the table, and, having Mr. Wishart pointed out to him, addressed that gentleman with—"Sir, my name is Giles."

"It

“ It is your business, Sir, and not your name,” said Mr. Wishart, “ you are to tell me. What have you to say to me, Sir?”

“ My friend Mr. Howard, Sir, has commissioned me to tell you, that the language you used to him this morning was such as he cannot put up with—and desires that you will favour him with a meeting to-morrow morning, at such hour and place as you please.”

“ And pray, good Sir,” interposed the Baronet, “ for what purpose is he to meet him?”

“ To fight, to be sure, Sir.”

“ What! to take his life?”

“ Certainly, Sir, if he can fairly—or else to lose his:—In short, to fight a duel with swords or pistols, or both perhaps.”

“ Your

"Your name, Sir," said Mr. Wishart,
"is—Giles?"

"It is, Sir."

"You call yourself a gentleman—a man
of property—a man of landed estate—Pray
where does your estate lie?"

"In England, Sir."

"You are a native of England, of
course?"

"Yes, Sir, I am a native of England."

"Pray have you got any friends or con-
nections of respectability in this country?"

"No—None, Sir, but Mr. Howard."

"Well, Sir, I do not know enough of
your character to consider you as a proper
person to wait on me with such a message.

Mr. Howard, I dare to say, knows as little. Go back then, and tell that gentleman I expect on such an affair to be waited on by one I know to be a gentleman. But you need not tell him that I now tell you, if it was not for the very small remains of old esteem I once had for him, I would order you, his messenger, to be ducked in the horse-pond. If he wishes me to attend him, he must send me a man of honour and character, in whose hands I may be safe from a dagger."

Giles endeavoured to bluster; but Mr. Wishart rung the bell, and ordered him to be turned out disgracefully.

That very night Sir Clement Wilmot wrote a letter to Mr. Howard, of which the following is a transcript :

"SIR,

"I had formed a resolution patiently to wait for the proper time of opening to you
 my

my whole mind on your conduct; but finding that the honest indignation of my friends has scorned the restraint I had laid upon myself, and that, by opening to you what I think upon your subject, they have brought upon themselves your resentment, I cannot, in justice to them, let it pass unnoticed, or refrain from doing what is now at least become my duty, and making myself responsible for the expressions which have excited your anger; for anger is more often the resource of conscious guilt, than the effusion of indignant innocence.

“ In the most unequivocal terms, then, I accuse you of injustice, ingratitude, falsehood, perfidy, and cruelty to my son, my Lady Wilmot, and myself. If you have not been guilty of his murder too, it is more his good fortune than your moderation. After what you have done, you are capable of it, or any thing.

“ To save you trouble, I will be on busi-

ness of my own at the old church gate at five o'clock to-morrow morning. Should you come to seek an explanation, bring at least a gentleman we know with you. If Mr. Giles appears, it is fair to inform you I will commit him as a vagabond.

“ C. WILMOT.”

Next morning Sir Clement, attended by Dr. Heartly, was at the place mentioned in his letter punctually to the minute, and nearly as punctually was Mr. Howard seen riding up to them.

“ Sir Clement Wilmot,” said Howard, “ I am come—not to fight, but to expostulate with you. If, however, nothing but my life can appease you, take it :—curled as it is with every affliction, it is not worth the keeping. Whether I deserve the epithets you have bestowed upon me or not, time, which cannot fail soon to explain my true motives, will discover. As to your charge of murder, it is a serious one—and
has

has been so pointedly urged by you all, that I cannot think you mean simply to allude to the effect of my refusal of my daughter on the health of your son. If you mean that, I must only take it patiently, and refer to the operation of time for my justification; for I cannot, without perdition, yield my daughter to your son. But, when you talk of murder, with all the circumstances of blood and assassination, as hinted by Mr. Wishart, I confess myself confounded, and utterly at a loss to comprehend your meaning."

"That meaning then you shall have, but not till my son is present, or his death ascertained. For some time letters have been sent after him, but no answer has been returned. We shall not be slow to let you hear when it will be suitable to inquire into the affair of the blood, of which you will then, if you can, acquit yourself. So, if you have no further commands for me, I shall bid you good morning, and carry

home with me the same opinion I brought out—observing, however, that Mr. Wishart is no longer responsible for words which were mine.”

“Sir Clement,” said Mr. Howard, “I have already (compelled by an insuperable necessity) injured you and yours, while, that God to whom alone I look for justice bears me witness! I revered, honoured, and loved you all. By heavens I loved not my daughter more than I did that amiable youth who now with her suffers under my stern resolves! Think not this arm can be lifted against a Wilmot. No! as soon should it be raised against the parents who gave me being. Let this then suffice: For Mr. Wishart, I have no such bonds to him; yet, to satisfy you, I stoop to bear what passed, and, if I can, to forgive it. But Mr. Giles will bring him to a severe account.”

“Mr. Howard, you have as you say injured
injured

jured me—you have afflicted yourself by it—But do not by one rash act urge yourself to utter ruin!—Take care!—Be well informed of Mr. Giles before you attempt to bestow your daughter on him!—Fame calls him a sharper. —Farewell! —God mend you!”

“Dick,” said the Doctor in his pithy way, “marry your daughter this day to Giles, and before this day month I’ll be d——d but you will hang yourself for grief and shame!”—Saying this he spurred on, and, joining Sir Clement, went home with him to the lodge.

C H A P. VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the slightness of Mr. Howard's acquaintance with Mr. Giles, and the many hints and cautions he received from those who spoke to him, as well as the general indignation manifested by all ranks of people at that man's aspiring to supersede Charles Wilmot in the good graces of Miss Howard, some latent infatuation seemed to keep that unfortunate gentleman firm in the extraordinary resolution of marrying his daughter to him—and that young Lady was ordered to receive him as the person that was to be her husband, and advised strenuously to treat him with that attention which should insure the conquest she had made. In vain she begged, entreated, and remonstrated:—her father was inexorable; and the wretched creature,

creature, Giles, followed her up and down incessantly pestering her with his nauseous addresses, and beseeching her to appoint the happy day that should put him in possession of that inestimable treasure—her person.

Thus she was driven almost to her wit's end—and tortured her brain with framing a thousand plans to rid herself at least of the odious and loathsome task of hearing professions of love from a man who could have excited in a bosom like hers no other emotion but those of pain and disgust, even if her affections had not been previously engaged. In this dilemma she one day thought of a plan which she imagined could not fail of having some effect, though it might bring upon her the anger of her father, whose indignation began to lose much of its effect upon her mind; for it is a moral truth, of which we wonder people in power are not better convinced than they seem to be, that whether in the narrow

circle of domestic life, or the wide-extended field of empire, respect and affection decline in the exact proportion that tyranny, coercion, and intolerance, increase. To love a tyrant—is as impossible as to delight in torture. Hence it is that, in all states, ambitious Machiavelian ministers, who have wished to withdraw the attachment of the people from the Sovereign, for their own vile purposes, have bent all their efforts to the extension of royal prerogative.

This notable plan, from which the distressed Miss Howard hoped to derive such happy effects, had not been many days conceived before she found an opportunity of reducing it to practice.—Passing by the chapel-door of the castle, she turned in, and he followed her. When they were there, she led him up to the altar, and spoke to him thus: “From my father’s introducing you to me in the light he has done, I am to believe, Sir, that you are a gentleman

man and a man of honour :—from his desiring that you should become one of his family by marriage, I am to believe you are a good catholic christian :—You will not, therefore, I am sure, at least I should hope, violate confidence reposed in you, or be accessary to another person's violating a sacred oath. First, then, promise me not to do either as regarding me.”—“I need not promise,” said he ; “ you may be sure I would not at any rate.”—“ Here, then,” said she, kneeling down at the altar and solemnly kissing a crucifix which stood upon it—“ Here I swear by the blood and passion of Him who died upon the cross for our sins, that I will never marry you, Mr. Giles, nor any other man but Charles Wilmot !”—Then starting up, “ Does that suffice, Mr. Giles ? —If it does not, you are unworthy the hand of any woman. If you be a man of honour, you will not tell my father the extent of my vow, but quit the place, and leave me to the contemplation of my own misfortunes !”—Saying which she hastily re-

tired to her bed-chamber, and left him to deliberate on the next step he was to take.

Giles resolved not to tell her father the whole, for that would amount, he feared, to a complete dismissal: he contented himself, therefore, with saying, that she seemed obstinately bent against him, and that he feared he must give up the pursuit, and submit to the misery of living without her.

Whatever fiend or fiend-like infatuation had put the union of his daughter with Giles into the unfortunate man's head, certain it was that he had fixed his heart so entirely upon it that nothing else could give him positive content, and he was determined that it should take place at all events. When he heard, therefore, of her treatment of Mr. Giles, his rage knew no bounds—and he swore in the most solemn manner to his daughter, that if she disobeyed him in the injunction he had laid upon her, she should be carried off privately

ly to a convent in France, and confined there for li fe

The spirit of Arabella was roused by this threat—and she told her father, that, though willing to obey him as far as it was possible regarding her own safety to do; in a point which so nearly concerned her eternal happiness, she must beg leave to disobey commands so utterly repugnant to her feelings, to her moral sentiments, and to her honour, as those he was pressing upon her. As to a convent—though she declared it would be ten thousand times preferable in her mind to a marriage such as he desired—she had not the least fear of being compelled to that, since the laws of her country made ample provision against such an act of violence.

Mr. Howard was thunderstruck!—This was language which he had not only never been accustomed to hear, but which he never could have expected from her, timidly

midly obedient as she had always been—
 He stared at her for some time, so confounded that he knew not what to say; and Arabella, taking advantage of his silence, retired to her apartment. Here she sat musing for some time—and at last, perceiving that the day was fine, she took her hat and walked out to the river-side, where once she had prevented her beloved Charles from executing his fatal purpose, and which spot she often since had made the repository of her tears. While she sat upon the bank, a country fellow passed her by with his hat decorated with white ribbon—She asked him who was married? He replied, that Miss Withart had that day been married to young Mr. Forster, and that all the country was ringing with joy and festivity.—Alas! thought she to herself, my father has excluded his whole family from all participation in his neighbour's happiness. It is strange though that Charlotte did not contrive to inform me of it.—Then speaking to the countryman, “Is not this wedding rather

her unexpected?" said she.—"It is a sudden business, Madam!" said the fellow; "for they are to set off to-morrow morning for Dublin, in order to go from thence to England."

Arabella returned home very gloomy; and, as she passed through the hall, was met by James, who tipped her a wink, intimating that he wished to speak with her aside. She accordingly took an opportunity of following him into the dining-parlour, where he put a letter into her hand, which, going up to her room and locking herself in, she read, in the following words:

"I HAVE sent several letters to my dear Arabella, without receiving a single line in answer; from whence I conclude, Mr. Howard, or the old maids, intercept them.—I have given directions to put this into the hands of James, whom I know to be faithful, and have no doubt of its reaching you. To-morrow Mr. Forster and I are to be indissolubly

diffolubly united; and on the succeeding day we proceed to Dublin, and thence to London. If you are still oppressed and tyrannized over, take advantage of this circumstance—Fly to me, and I will answer for your safety.—Let me know your mind, that I may make arrangements; for no time is to be lost.

“CHARLOTTE WISHART.”

This letter, which was evidently written the day before, was even, late as it came, welcome to Arabella; and it instantly struck her that it was a fortunate interposition of Providence in her favour to snatch her from outrage and violence.—She therefore, depending upon the fidelity of her friend, resolved to take advantage of her offer at any rate, and to that end wrote a note to the following effect, which she slipped privately into James’s hand :

“ I am anxious to fly, and leave the arrangements

arrangement to you.—Let me have your instructions, and I will implicitly obey.

“ A. H.”

“ *N. B.* It is but this moment I received your letter of yesterday—I wish you joy !”

James punctually delivered this letter into the hand of the servant who had conveyed the other to him, and in less than two hours after brought back an answer in the following words :

“ I will expect you at the gate of our church-yard in the village at one o’clock at night—Fail not—you need not encumber yourself with clothes.”

The agitation of our heroine on receiving this letter was such, that, had that been the hour appointed for her departure, she must have failed of strength to accomplish her purpose; but, as it was, it in some sort aided her plan, for she was so pale that her
plea

plea of sickness was readily allowed, and she was without suspicion permitted to absent herself from dinner and tea, and had therefore time to compose her spirits and screw them up to the important enterprise, as well as to prepare some little things for her journey.

At night she came down stairs to supper, and, watching an opportunity, put a paper into James's hand, bidding him read it immediately; which he did, and at supper nodded assent.—The paper contained the following words :

“ Meet me at the gate of the church-yard as the clock strikes one.”

Matters being thus arranged, our heroine went to her apartment, and was put to bed. As soon as the servant had withdrawn, she sat up in her bed, and, putting on her clothes, waited in breathless expectation for the moment of departure. At length

length all was quiet—the castle clock struck twelve—and, trembling with a mixed fear of ghosts and of detection, she opened her door gently—listened for some time to hear whether any were stirring—took off her shoes—and, coming into the great hall, debated with herself which way she should go, for she feared that if she should even be able to move the great iron bolt of the folding door of the hall, it would make a noise, that, with the loudness of the echo, could not fail to alarm the family—She therefore passed through the kitchen into the laundry—thence into the yard—and, climbing over a barred gate, got into the great area before the castle, and thence into the avenue, her shoes still remaining in her hand, so great was her terror. In a state of dreadful trepidation she reached the church-yard gate: there she remained above a quarter of an hour, in agonies not to be conceived, wondering that James did not appear. At length a horseman rode up, and, in a whispering voice, desired her to get upon a horse-block

block that stood at the church-gate, and so mount behind him. She did so without hesitation, and he rode off. In about half an hour's smart riding he stopped at a small cottage on the verge of a common, and desired her to dismount and enter; which she accordingly did. An old woman received her at the door, and conducted her into a room, where she saw—not her friend, nor any one sent by her—but with astonishment and horror she saw—Godfrey Wilmot himself. Had the fiercest tiger that prowled through the wilds of Indostan, or the most enormous snake that twines round the pine of Ceylon, presented themselves before her, she could not have been more terrified:—his natural deformity in her eyes was much increased by inebriation, under which he manifestly laboured as he approached her.

“ Well, my fawn !” said he, “ I have hunted you down at last, and here you are—You like the family; one brother is a

good

and good as another, and damn me but you
 must be mine!"—She started from him back-
 wards towards the door, and attempted to
 escape—but was stopped by the old wo-
 man who had let her in, while he leap-
 ed forward and caught her in his arms,
 uttering the most horrid imprecations, that
 he should be his though he lost his life by
 it! There was a bed in the room, to which
 he endeavoured to drag her—while she
 screamed out as loud as she could, and
 struggled with all her force, which, delicate
 though she was, was not a little when com-
 pared with that of a man bloated with in-
 temperance, enfeebled with debauchery,
 and rendered powerless by liquor. She
 struggled till she nearly overcame him,
 screaming all the time; and the old woman
 was proceeding to add her strength to his,
 which must have infallibly completed her
 ruin—when on a sudden the door of the
 cottage burst open, and in entered a person
 who roared out in a well-known voice,
 "Zounds! what's the matter?—Is hell broke
 loose?"

loose?—Why, you are enough to drown the cry of a pack of fox-hounds!”—And, coming to the room whence the noise proceeded, entered it just as the ruffian, with the aid of the abominable old woman, was upon the point of overpowering the unhappy Arabella.

“ Ah, you villain !” said Dr. Heartly (for it was he who had so seasonably come to her relief)—“ I will work you—I’ll make you dance to another tune !”—With which words he aimed a blow with the butt-end of his whip at the fellow’s head, which laid him stretched, and seemingly lifeless, on the ground.—“ And you, you old harridan !” said he, “ I’ll get you hanged, by G—d !”—Just at this instant Arabella sunk upon the bed ; and the Doctor, directing his attention to her, exclaimed—“ Od’s curse and death !—Sure it can’t—Yes, I’m d——d if it be not Bell Howard !—Ah ! my poor dear lamb !” said he in a most pathetic tone of voice—“ What brought

brought you here?—How very very near
 ere you being sacrificed!—And how truly
 blessed am I in my old days to be instru-
 mental in saving so much innocence!”—
 “Come here, you old Beelzebub,” said he,
 “and bring some water, and help this
 young lady.”—So saying he chafed her
 temples with his hand, held a little snuff to
 her nose, and, bathipg her face with water,
 brought her to herself again by degrees.—
 “How is my precious lamb?” said he.—
 “Oh, Dr. Heartly! is it then you?—and
 am I safe?”—“It is Heartly is with you,
 my dear child!—Fear nothing!”—“Oh
 my father!” said she, “my father!”—
 “Fear not your father, or any body else,
 while I am with you!” said the Doctor—
 “Damn me if the Grand Mogul himself
 should offer you an injury in my presence!
 —But who is this ruffian?—And how
 came you here?”—“Oh, Doctor!” said
 she, “see, only see to what my father’s in-
 ordinate cruelty has brought me!—By
 wronging Charles Wilmot, he had nearly
 made

made his daughter a victim to the brutal wickedness of his brother Godfrey!"—"This is Godfrey, then!" said he.—"Yes," said Arabella, "and extremely drunk."—"Let the wretch lie there and be d——d!" said the Doctor.—"My dear Bell!" continued he, "Clem Wilmot and I have shed tears together over your misfortunes, and the whole country execrate your father; but the fact is, Dick is dotting—he is really getting old and dotting.—But what a fortunate thing it is that I happened to be coming this way!—Poor Jane Corbet, the blacksmith's wife, was taken ill and speechless to-night. I was at the wedding-supper at Frank Wishart's when the husband came for me, and I set off. Sure it was God directed every thing, and that I should take this road too, which I seldom do. I was going home when I heard your screams; and, knowing it to be not the honestest place in the country, came to your succour.—"But you, you old Beelzebub! what have you to say for yourself?"

self?"—"Why, please your honour, the 'squire there told me his servant was gone to bring home a young girl, a servant-maid, that had promised to come live with him; but I am sure I had no notion it was a young lady. If I had——"

"So then," said the Doctor, "you would help to ruin a poor girl, but not a young lady?—Ah! you are a precious old hell-hound!—But I'll hang you, by the Lord!—I'll hang you if there be a rope in Ireland to hang you with!"—The terrified old wretch then began to cry, declaring "it was the fault of the young 'squire alone, who was gone to hell for it, for he certainly was dead."

"Od rabbit it! I hope not!" said the Doctor somewhat startled. They both then lifted him up; but as little sign of life appeared, the Doctor expressed some apprehensions that he had given him too heavy a blow, and, getting him on the bed, proceeded to

phlebotomy, on which life began to return ; and the young Lady, declaring that she could not without risk of utter ruin stay any longer, agreed to go.—So mounting his horse, and getting her up behind him, he rode by her directions to Mr. Wishart's. On the way she told him the whole story of, and the reasons for, her eloping with Mrs. Forster, in order to save herself from a fate ten thousand times worse than death. The reader is not at this period of the history to learn, that the old gentleman was still a man of spunk : he entirely approved of her resolution, and assured her that he would join in any measures necessary for her security.

On their arrival at Mr. Wishart's, he went round through the yard to the back-door, in order to raise the family. While she was waiting at the gate, she perceived the figure of a man walking backward and forward opposite her. Her heart almost died within her—She listened, and presently she
heard

heard a voice crying, "My God! my God! what can have become of her?—What shall I do?—I had better go and hang myself at once!"—She thought that in those mutterings she could distinguish the voice of James, and ventured in a half-whisper to call "James! James!"—"Here! here!" returned the voice.—"Oh! Is it you, James?"—"Yes, it is!—Blessed be God that I have found you!" said he. "Lord God! mistress, where have you been? and what does all this mean?"—"No matter!" said she: "Do you stay by me!"

Meantime the Doctor had awakened some of the servants, one of whom coming to the door he directed him to call Mr. Wishart to him. Upon that gentleman's appearing, the Doctor informed him that Miss Howard was waiting at the outer gate to get admittance to Mrs. Forster; "but," said the Doctor archly, "as the bride may think this rather an unseasonable time for intrusion,

sion, it will be better to order the servants out of the way and let Bell in privately." They did so—and Mr. Wishart suggested that it might perhaps be necessary for the young lady to take some decisive step before morning, when, on being missed at the castle, search would be made for her all over the country. The Doctor, however, still observing that it was unfit to disturb the new-married pair, Miss Howard informed them of her views, and the plan which had been laid. It was therefore the advice of both gentlemen, that horses should be saddled for her and her servant, attended by whom she should strike across the country, in a transverse direction, till she got to a large town that lay at a distance of about fifteen miles, where she could procure a post-carriage to Dublin, in which place she would be sure to meet Mrs. Forster in a day after her arrival; and to the end that she might be completely concealed in Dublin, Mr. Wishart gave her a letter to a lady of considerable rank, a first cousin
of

of his, in Sackville-street, advising her to assume for the time another name, for fear of treachery.

This affair being agreed upon, Mr. Withart ordered an excellent horse of his own to be saddled for Arabella, and another for James; and they both set out at about four o'clock in the morning in full gallop across the country, and arrived before seven at the town pointed out by Mr. Withart—where Miss Howard ordering a post-chaise and four horses, got into it with James, and arrived that night in the metropolis.

James, who was a very sagacious fellow, and well knew that the postillions would be examined by Mr. Howard, got a coach in James's Street, and, putting his mistress's bundle into it, and ordering the coachman, in the hearing of the postillions, to drive to Kildare-street, which was in the very extreme end of the town from Sackville-

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street,

street, discharged the post-chaise. Proceeding to Kildare-street, he stopped at Stephen's-green, discharged the coach, and, with his mistress's bundle in his hand, conducted her on foot to College-green, where taking another coach they drove to Sackville-street.

James was sent forward with the letter, while Arabella ordered the coach to stop and wait for his return ; which was not long, for in less than ten minutes he was at the coach-door with the lady's compliments to Miss Wemyss, and that she anxiously waited her arrival. The coach accordingly drove up to the door—Arabella alighted from it, and, being conducted into an elegant drawing-room, was received with the greatest politeness and cordiality.

Being too much fatigued and agitated to eat any supper, she retired to bed, and awoke next morning, though not perfectly easy, at least much easier in her mind than she

she had been for some time past; and on coming down, she found the faithful James waiting at the parlour-door to congratulate her on her situation. Arabella desired him to go to Mr. Hartop's chambers, and inform him of her being in town; but James, more wise, suggested the impropriety of their subjecting themselves to a discovery in case of Mr. Howard's pursuing them, for in all probability they should be traced by his going to Mr. Hartop, and by that gentleman's visiting her. Our young Lady, therefore, contented herself for the present with writing to Hartop, and informing him of the step she had taken.

CHAP. VII.

MRS. FORSTER, who had resolved to set off for Dublin early in the morning after her marriage, in order to avoid the disagreeable ceremonials and visits usual on such occasions, was preparing to set out long before Arabella had got to the town where she had taken the post-chaise. When that lady heard of her friend's having been there, and was informed by Mr. Wishart of the plan he had laid for her, she was quite charmed, and, in order to prevent suspicion and baffle pursuit, resolved to encounter the mortifications of the day at home, and remain in the country one day more; by which means she thought Mr. Howard would acquit her of any share in the elopement, and her friend be more secure from the stratagems it was probable

probable he would put in practice for finding her. When she heard of the disagreeable affair Arabella had had with Mr. Godfrey Wilmot, she was astonished—for, having trusted her letters to a servant in whom she had the most perfect confidence, she could not form a conjecture of the mode by which he had contrived to come to a knowledge of her intended elopement. Upon a strict scrutiny, however, she found that that very servant had, by her own confession, been all along in the pay of Godfrey Wilmot, who had hoped by her means to obtain that young Lady's consent to receive again his visits, which she had peremptorily forbidden upon his former insult to Miss Howard. By this treacherous servant Godfrey was informed of every thing that passed in the house of Mr. Wishart, and from her he had got possession of the letters that passed between the two young ladies; in consequence and by means of which he had concerted, and in part proceeded upon, that

infamous project against the honour of Miss Howard, the full execution of which was prevented by the fortunate arrival of the gallant old Dr. Heartly. Mr. Wishart was for some time resolved to commit the wretch to jail; but, at her lady's particular request, she was at last forgiven, on condition of her observing the most profound secrecy as to what had passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Forster would have gone with Mr. Wishart to dine that day at Sir Clement Wilmot's, but that the worthy Baronet and his family were thrown into the utmost consternation by the arrival of Dr. Heartly early in the morning, announcing to them that Godfrey was in a raging fever in a cottage of ill fame at a few miles distance. The Doctor felt it to be his duty, however repugnant to his feelings to give pain to that excellent man, to reveal to Sir Clement the whole transactions of the preceding night, and of the share he had had in them; and put it
to

to him to say, whether, as a man of honour, honesty, or religion, he could have done less than he did.

“James!” replied Sir Clement, “whether he lives or dies, I am at least indebted to you, that, by your interference, you prevented the perpetration of an act which must have brought an ignominious death upon him, and an eternal stain upon a family whose greatest boast has always been the purity of its fame. Be not uneasy then, dear James!” said he, the tears streaming down his cheeks—“His death, should it happen, is much less to be lamented than the shameful circumstances attending it. He has involved me and my family, and particularly his brother, in misery, or perhaps death, by his conduct to the family of Howard—He has lived a most disgraceful life—He has estranged almost all my affections from him—and I have long had no other wish respecting him, but that it would please the Almighty to take him off

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before

before he fixed an indelible stain upon himself and his whole family."

Dr. Heartly then told Sir Clement, that he had already brought a physician and a surgeon to the cottage, who, on examination of his head, and a full consideration of all the circumstances, declared that he had received no material injury from the stroke, but that his life was in imminent danger from a fever produced by the joint effects of liquor and the agitation of his mind—the old woman having testified that he drank an enormous quantity of spirits to harden him to the execution of the project he had undertaken. Thus had wickedness defeated itself, and cunning been the instrument of its own ruin. For, in all probability, it was his drunkenness that saved the delicate Arabella from utter ruin and destruction.

We are now to turn to Inchvally castle, in order to find how things went on there
after

after the departure of Arabella. In the morning James was missing from his accustomed office, attending his master dressing. As it was a duty in which he never was known to fail but from sickness, Mr. Howard was surprised, and, on enquiry, finding that he had not been seen all the morning, was alarmed for the man, as he really loved him, and sent to enquire for him about the neighbourhood. Meanwhile breakfast waited for Miss Howard, till, grown impatient at her unusual delay, he sent up the servant maid to call her. But what imagination can conceive, what language describe, his sensations, when the servant, returning to the parlour, told him she was not there? And when, on enquiry, it appeared she had not been seen that morning—"Go to the river side!" said Miss Grace sneeringly,—“perhaps you may find her there; it has been a place of great resort with her lately.” The idea of the river, associated with the recollection of his harsh treatment to Arabella the preceding day, rushed

rushed into his mind at once, and struck the feelings of the father with such horror that he scarcely supported himself from sinking on the floor.

After a stupid pause of a few minutes, he ordered all his people to fly and search about the wood, the gardens, and all the places contiguous to the house which she was wont to resort, while he himself directed his tottering distracted steps towards the river. He called out, "Arabella!" with all his might: he investigated and scrutinized every spot in vain—Arabella was neither to be heard of nor seen. On his return home he threw himself into a chair, and burst out weeping—"There was but this wanting to fill up the measure of my misery!" said he—"Surely, surely, never was a man so cursed!"—"Perhaps," said Miss Grace, "she has gone to take shelter with some of her heretical friends."—"Perhaps she may!" said the father starting from his chair—"I will see whether she has or not."

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He accordingly flew in a state of distraction over to Mr. Wishart's, where, without saying a word to any one as he passed, he ran into the parlour, and, addressing that gentleman in a rough tone of voice and abrupt manner, questioned him, "Is my daughter in your house?"—Mr. Wishart as abruptly answered, "Your daughter is not in my house; and if she was too, she should be protected!—Let that be your answer, Sir!"—Then turned away from him with contempt. Thence he proceeded to Sir Clement Wilmot's, where he met with as little satisfaction, and was obliged to return home in a state of utter disconsolation. What to do he knew not; but in his confusion sent a number of men well mounted up and down the country, inquiring for her in all directions—but not a trace could be found of the route she had taken.

Thus circumstanced, Mr. Howard became at once gloomy and sullen—He could not bear to be spoken to; and all the blandishments

dishments and efforts to console him used by the two ladies were so far from being pleasing, that he frequently snapped at them peevishly when they spoke, accusing them in direct terms of having driven his daughter away with their persecution, in-
 somuch that they left the castle in resentment and returned to town. Sometimes his anguish was relieved by a flood of tears, in which he would cry in a most heart-rending tone—" Oh! Bell! Bell!—my child, my most beloved child!—thou dear image of the tenderest, best of wives!—I have destroyed thee, and thou art gone for ever from me—gone into exile and disgrace!"—
 For, knowing that Charles Wilmot was either dead or abroad, he had no conception of her eloping in company with James for any other purpose, but to throw herself even into his arms rather than marry Giles.

Thus tortured, the unhappy man remained the deserved victim of his own folly and perfidy for several days, when the death
 of

of Godfrey Wilmot brought about an enquiry, which ended in the commitment of the old woman of the cottage, and the full discovery of that transaction, so much of it only excepted as related to the plan laid by Mrs. Forster for her elopement. The whole appeared now more strange and unaccountable to him than before. The departure of James convinced him that he was privy to her flight ; but how the incident at the cottage could have happened without his participation he could not conceive—and yet it appeared in evidence, that James had not been with her there, and that Dr. Heartly alone had been instrumental in saving her.

In this dilemma he went to the Doctor, who by accident happened to be at home ; and conjured him, as he valued the peace of a distracted father, to tell him if he could what had become of Arabella.

“ I'll tell you what it is, Dick Howard,”
returned

returned the Doctor: " every thing has come to pass which I foresaw was likely to ensue from your unjustifiably rigorous treatment of that amiable girl—Go look for comfort from your friend Giles!—I have none to give you—nor, if I had, would I give it!—Of all those who once loved you I do not know one single individual who can hear your name mentioned without abhorrence!—And in exchange for the esteem and affection of your friends, and the respect of your country, what have you got but the hypocritical cant of those wizen-faced screech-owls your cousins, and the friendship of your intended son-in-law Mr. Giles?"

" Jemmy Heartly," said Mr. Howard with all the mildness of affliction in his tone, " I thought that if all the world forsook me, you would not—I thought that at the worst I might depend upon you as a consoler and friend in my troubles!"

Here

Here he found the true passage to the Doctor's heart—As coercion never was able, so tenderness never failed to soften him.—

“I will tell you what it is, Dick, You are doting, by G—d! You are growing old and doting, you may depend upon it, else you could not act in the extravagant manner you have done.”

Mr. Howard's sorrows had scarcely the power to restrain him from laughing at the old gentleman's telling one who might certainly in point of years be his grandson, that he was ‘doting with age.’

“I cannot, nay I will not,” continued the Doctor, “betray a secret, whether reposed in confidence or found out by accident—I would not, I assure you, have been willingly made the confidant of an elopement—It came to my knowledge by accident, and I will not disclose it; but barely tell you that I am convinced she is safe—that I am sure she is in honourable hands—and, above all, that

that I know she is out of your reach.—One thing I must add in justice to the poor young girl herself—She had no view whatsoever in her elopement but to avoid her father's tyranny; and James attended her, as a protecting servant merely, at her own desire.—Ask me no more; for, before Heaven, I will not answer you!”

Mr. Howard returned to the castle with feelings somewhat less acute than those he brought abroad with him—and, by the time he got home, was in admirable temper to listen to a proposal made to him by Giles, who undertook, if Mr. Howard would accompany him, to find out the young lady, and get possession of her person, upon condition that the nuptial knot should be immediately after tied.

The simple father thanked Mr. Giles for the attachment he shewed to his daughter, after having proved herself so unworthy of it—said that their marriage was
the

the thing which of all others on this side the grave he most earnestly desired, and agreed to proceed with him to whatever place or on whatever plan he should think advisable. Giles, with all the keenness of a true man of the world, conjectured that she must have gone to Dublin, and doubted not that by some means or other they should be able to discover her retreat. Things were accordingly settled for their departure next day, when they were put upon a new scent by the arrival of the following letter :

“ SIR,

“ IF what I am about to say has at first sight too much the appearance of freedom, I hope you will excuse me, and assign it to the great love and respect I owe you and yours, as well from inclination as from gratitude. What I have long foreseen and lamented, though I dared not to speak, is come to pass ; and
Miss

Miss Howard in despair has flown from you. I have just seen and offered her such protection as I could afford ; but as the wounded deer flies every thing that bears the form of man, she trembles at every person connected with her—even her country she fears—and has flown both. You will conclude, that, as a man of honour solicitous for the character of his family, I should not have failed to oppose such a step, if I had not the assurance that she is in safe and honourable hands. With this you must rest contented, until it shall please you, which I hope will be soon, to relent, and pay some regard to the first interests of your daughter's heart.

“ R. H. HARTOP.”

“ Here, then,” said Mr. Howard, throwing the letter to Giles, and bidding him read it—“ All is over !—Our hopes are at an end, and our plans rendered abortive !”

“ Not

“Not at all, Sir!” said Giles—“Do not
 you at once conceive where she is gone?”—
 “No!” said the other with great earnestness.
 —“Where do you think?”—“Why, cer-
 tainly,” returned the other, “with the new-
 married couple to London; for you may
 recollect, that in a letter of Miss Wishart’s,
 intercepted by Miss Grace, such a step was
 hinted at.”—“Gad! so,” said Mr. Howard,
 “I do remember something of the kind,
 sure enough; but what can we do?”—
 “Do!” repeated the other—“Why, pro-
 ceed directly to London—apply to the
 Chief Justice or Lord Chancellor for the
 restoration of your daughter as an heiress,
 and bring her back again.”

The weak credulous Howard was easily
 prevailed upon. In two days after, there-
 fore, he went to Dublin accompanied by
 Giles, and, desiring Hartop to go down
 to Inchvally and superintend the place in
 his absence, he got on board a packet and
 passed

passed over to Holyhead—whence he proceeded, by as quick stages as the state of his health would permit, to London.

C H A P. VIII.

MEANTIME Hartop, who was aware of Mr. Howard's intentions, wrote a letter to Arabella, under cover to Mr. Forster, recommending it to her with all the warmth of friendship to throw herself into the arms of Charles Wilmot, if she could find him out ; at all events to keep herself concealed, and to separate from Mrs. Forster, as the only means of eluding the diligence of her father and Giles, who were both gone in search of her to London. And this letter reached Arabella the evening after the discovery of her by Dennis at the Opera-House.

Arabella was extremely startled by this information, and, communicating it to her friends, it was agreed among them that

they should immediately take a separate lodging for her; and as it was pretty certain that Mr. Howard would not be in London for two or three days after the letter, they had no fear of venturing forth together for the purpose. They accordingly passed along the Strand, and, turning down a street that had the appearance of privacy and respectability, saw a bill of Furnished Lodgings upon a window of a very elegant large double house. They knocked at the door, and were conducted up stairs by a genteel elderly lady, who shewed them a suit of apartments on one side of the lobby. While they yet stood at the door of the drawing-room, a door on the opposite side opened: an old gentleman dressed in a rich military uniform came forward, and, after gazing some time at Arabella, while his colour changed and his whole frame trembled, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! is that my once-loved Arabella?"—Hearing her name uttered with such extravagant transports by a stranger, she started, and said, "My name, Sir, is certainly Arabella; but I am sure I never

never had the honour of seeing you before, neither can I think you have seen me.”—“No, child! no, you have not,” said he—“Pardon me! I mistook you for another;”—and instantly shut the door with marks of violent emotion imprinted on his face. Arabella was for some time dumb with astonishment: she however proceeded to view the rooms, and was on the point of agreeing for them, when she was told that there was at that time a gentleman lying ill of a fever in the house; which rather startled and induced her to decline the lodging, as she was, and all her life had been, very fearful of catching fevers.—“Upon my word, Madam,” said the lady of the house, “I must own to you he is very ill, but the Doctor says not dangerously; and I am sure I should be very sorry for his death, for a finer youth I never saw, or a better behaved or gentler though he be Irish—and what is more pitiful,” said she, “is, that he is dying for the love of a young lady!”

Just as she spoke the last word, a foot was heard in the lobby—and Arabella looking out perceived Dennis, who, on his part, seeing her, ran up to her, dropped down on his knees in a delirium of joy, and began to pronounce aloud the *Pater Noster*, with his hands up, and his eyes riveted on Arabella!—who, after a pause of a few moments, in which the blood was observed suddenly to forsake her face, sunk into a swoon, and was just timely caught by Mr. Forster, and helped to a couch.

An unconcerned spectator would have found himself in a state of some perplexity between mirth and sorrow at the scene now before the reader; the attitude, face, and expressions of Dennis, being no less ridiculous than the situation of Arabella was affecting and pathetic. The lady of the house, however, felt only the latter, and, by her earnestness and sympathy, manifested the goodness of her heart.

Upon

Upon coming to herself, Arabella looked very wildly about her, as if to recollect where she had been; and, catching the eye of Mrs. Forster—"Tell me, oh tell me, Charlotte!" said she, "is it indeed Wilmot we have heard of, or is it not?"—"Oh! yes, yes, my dear mistress!" said Dennis, still remaining on his knees—"Yes it is, it is he—your own own sweetheart, your true lover, your jewel, who loves you more than he loves himself, the Virgin Mary, or the holy apostles—and is now dying for love of you in the very next room."—Mr. and Mrs. Forster could not refrain from laughing at this very singular effusion—and Arabella, more revived, beckoned to him to rise and come over to her. He did so—"Dennis," said she, "oh Dennis! what is it you tell me?—What is—Oh Heavens!—Sure it is not——"

"What would you say? my dear pretty mistress!"—"Tell me, Dennis, how is your master?—How is——"

“ Dying, Madam !” replied Dennis—
“ Dying fast, ever since I lost the card you
gave me !—Mad, and dying !”

“ You lost my card then ?” —“ Ah poor
Charles ! it is no wonder then I did not
see you !”

“ Shall I go and tell my master you are
here ?”

“ No, no, Dennis !” said Arabella rising
with wildness in her eyes—“ I will go my-
self.”—She then paused, and shook her head.
“ What was I about to do ?——No, no !—
Dennis, do you go—and tell your master
that I——”

“ Good God ! Madam,” said the lady
of the house, “ Do you reflect on what you
are about ?—Do you consider that the bare
information of your being here would cause
such sudden and violent emotions as might
cost him his life ?—And you, Dennis,” said
she,

she, "do you not know that without the Doctor's permission you should not presume to do any thing, or bring any one near him?"

"Doctor!" said Dennis contemptuously, "Don't tell me of a Doctor! I know the best Doctor in the world for him, and there she stands before you!—What was it made him quit his own dear father? What was it made him leave that prince of places, Old Ireland? What was it broke his constitution and drove him to Hell—I mean Lisbon, where priests turn devils, and roast protestants with as little concern as my granny used to roast potatoes? What was it made him become the friend and shake hands with that old tiger Captain Markham from Bengal? What was it ——"

"How say you," interrupted Arabella—
"Captain Markham!—What Markham?"

"Yes, Miss, Captain Miles Markham!

who has fought a thousand battles—killed a thousand men—is worth a million of money—and speaks to nobody but my master, and to him only, because he is grown, with love of you, almost as mad as himself.”

Arabella smiled—“ Good God !” said she, “ what strange occurrences happen in this life !”——“ Pray, Madam !” turning to the lady of the house, “ was that Captain Markham who seemed to be just now so startled at the sight of me ?”

“ It was !” replied she ; “ a very good, honest, charitable gentleman he is—but rather oddish in his ways.”

“ Well, Dennis,” said Arabella recovering herself, “ here is another card—Shew it though to no one but your master !—Take care, do not lose it !”

“ I will lose my life first !” said Dennis.

“ But

“ But take care—do not on any account tell a human being that you know of my being in London ! ” — “ As to you, Madam,” said she turning to the lady, “ I most heartily thank you for your kindness and solicitude; and am sorry that circumstances which cannot but be by this time obvious to yourself forbid my taking up my abode with a person in all respects so deserving of esteem.” — Saying which she rose to take her leave—while Dennis scampered off, and, as she came out of the room, returned with Captain Markham.—“ She is going,” said he in tears—“ she is going to leave us, and my poor dear master will die outright—Stop her, Captain Markham! Stop her!—If you can’t stop her, who can? for you could stop the devil himself.”

“ Madam,” said the old gentleman, “ will you honour me so far as to tell me what was your business here ? ”

“ To look for lodgings, Sir ! ” said she surprised.

“ And are there not lodgings to be had here?—Are not those good lodgings?”

“ Yes, Sir ! they are certainly as good as I could wish for—but it does not suit me to stay in them.”

“ I dare say not !” said he grinning formidably—“ I dare say not !—You would not be a woman, and particularly a handsome one, if you knew what was good for you.”

“ Upon my word, Sir——”

“ Upon my word, Madam, it is true, I fear ! Show it is not true, and I shall be pleased !—Give a proof that you do know what is good for you, by remaining where you are—and by your presence and exertions save that honest foolish young man, whose unfortunate attachment to you has brought him to the brink of the grave !”

Arabella sighed, and a tear trickled down her cheek.

“What—then,” said Markham, “you have some sort of tenderness, some compassion for the man that has lost his peace and almost his life by you!—You are not a jilt, then, like your—Hah!——Od’s curse! go on, and I shall think at last you are not a woman.”

The other ladies stared at each other; but Arabella, overcome with sorrow, sobbed to herself. Things passed in her mind with which they were unacquainted.

“Well, child!” said he, “will you stay where you are?—Your lover, of whose delicacy you can have no doubt, is not in a situation, if he were even inclined, to offer you any violence; you need not then be squeamish on that account. Besides, you may reside with this lady, who is a widow, and I shall be always here to protect you—

and let me tell you, Madam, without boasting, you have no mean protector, no very inconsiderable friend, in Miles Markham!"

Arabella was beyond description affected with the pathetic bluntness and sincerity of the old gentleman—She breathed short and quick—paused—and at length with an air of indescribable dignity and sweetness said, "I will repose me on the honour and friendly care of Captain Markham, the friend of my beloved Wilmot—He has honour and courage both, I know, to protect me. As for his fidelity, I only desire that he will swear to protect me by this little relic which perhaps superstition has made the most sacred and dear to my heart!" Saying which, she drew from her bosom a miniature that hung by a golden chain from her neck, and presented it to his eyes. For some minutes he viewed it in silent sad intrancement—The large drops coursed each other down the furrows of his face—He snatched the picture to his lips, and kissed

ed it fervently—the byftanders thought him mad. At length taking her hand in his, and putting the picture into it with a prefure and a look that conveyed his meaning to her heart—“ By this bleffed faint I fwear to protect your honour as I would my own, and to purfue your welfare and happinefs as I would that of my own daughter!—Be you unto me as a daughter, and you fhall find me a father!—*You know the reft.*”

“ And yet, Sir,” faid fhe, “ what will not the world fay ?”

“ The world !” faid he warmly—“ Out upon the world ! it is a combination of vice, selfishnefs and cunning, a coagulum of every moral filth !—Will the world, as you call it, Madam, eafe the affliction or even pity the fituation of Charles Wilmot ? Will the world perfuade your father to do him and you that juftice which you can foon, and fhall foon, do yourfelves ? Will the
world

world make amends to you, if you should, by a fastidious attention to their opinion, lose Wilmot, or atone to him for the injury, if that neglect should bring him to the grave?—The world, Madam, as you call it, is a bugbear that too often deters people from the rational enjoyment of the goods of this life, but never was known yet to increase them.—Here rests your duty—In a bed in this house lies that person who by all the laws of human nature and morality is nearest and I believe dearest to you—and here you ought to remain.”

“Who is this gentleman?” said Charlotte whispering Arabella—“He is a very sensible man!”

“I will tell you another time,” replied she. Then turning to the Captain—“Sir, you have taught me to know that here my duty and obedience are owing, and here I will pay it; but first I will go back with my

my friends, and in the evening will return here. This lady and I will then make the necessary arrangements; and if, on consultation with his physician, you find it will be safe—Need I say more?—Indeed, indeed, Captain Markham,” said she bursting into tears, “I wish, yet fear to see my Wilmot!—Is he very ill? Can I hope ——”

“Hope every thing!” said Markham. “He is ill, but not dangerously—he is wild, but not quite so wild as not to know you—and, weak though he is, I should be afraid to trust you in his arms for fear he should press you to death in the ardour of his love. At all events, leave every thing to me—I will settle with my landlady about your accommodation; and if your friends will come, I will be glad to see them along with you.”

“One thing, however, Sir,” said Arabella, “I must submit to your consideration—It may appear strange to you, that, bound as
you

you already know, and I avow myself to be, by the strongest ties of mutual affection, and by the most solemn engagements to Mr. Wilmot, I should yet seem so indifferent to his welfare as to purpose leaving the house till you prevented me. My reasons for doing so were very urgent—I have received a letter from a mutual friend of ours, informing me that my father is on his way to London in order to get me again into his hands. In consequence of that information, knowing that he would first look for me at the residence of my friends here, with whom I came over to England, I went out in company with them to look for a lodging in which I could more effectually than with them conceal myself, till, baffled in the search, he shall return to Ireland. Finding, then, that Wilmot lodged here, it was natural for me to consider this as the place of all others the most likely to lead to a discovery, knowing as I do that my father will make it his business

business to find him out first, as a clue to the discovery of my place of concealment."

"Brave girl!" exclaimed the Captain—"Come at all events this evening. I know very little of the laws of this country, but I believe them to be founded in justice. I will, however, take the opinion of a lawyer on your case as soon as possible—and protect you, my girl, to the last nerve of my arm, and the last guinea of my purse!"

Miss Howard and her friends then took their leave, all of them pleased and astonished at the whimsical eccentric manners of the old gentleman. The physician came in soon after to Wilmot; and as he was going away, the Captain took him aside, and asked him whether it would be safe to develop a piece of the most important news to his patient?"—"If it be bad news," returned the physician, "it might occasion his death, for he is extremely weak; and perhaps, by parity of reasoning, it might
not

not be amiss to reveal to him a circumstance of a pleasing nature, provided it be disclosed with discretion, that is to say, gradually :—indeed it might have the most happy effects, for, as the fever abates, I find his spirits affected.”

The Doctor having taken his leave, Markham proceeded to the sick man's chamber, filled with the benevolent hope of giving pleasure, and projecting within his own mind how he should begin his plan of operation—But, alas ! how vain are human projects ! how short human foresight !—All the good intentions and sagacious plans of the worthy Captain to open the news with discretion were rendered abortive ; for, when he entered the room, he found that Dennis had been beforehand with him, and saw Wilmot raised up on his elbow in an attitude of exultation, while he exclaimed, “ Do not, do not deceive me !—Have you indeed found her ? ”—Then seeing Captain Markham, “ Oh my dear friend ! tell me,
for

for Heaven's sake tell me, nor leave me longer on the torturing rack of suspense! Is my love, is my Arabella found?"—"Lie down, man! lie down in your bed! or confound me if I answer you a tittle!"—Charles dropped down in the bed. Markham then turning to Dennis, attacked him in a tone of anger half real and half affected—"Why, thou great bullock-headed blundering gander, what devil could possess you to come, after what you heard and the warning that was given you, to tell your master such a thing so suddenly? Do you know, or rather should you not know, what the consequence might be?"—"I am sure, Sir," said Dennis, "I meant no harm."—"Meant no harm! Damn your meaning, you ass, if you have any!—I suppose you will go about like an old Irish gossiping woman telling the affair to every one; but mark me, secrecy is necessary, and if I find that you disclose by word, deed, or hint, a tittle of what you have just seen, you shall suffer for it—Damn me if I do not cut your two years off!"

Dennis

Dennis was astounded and scared, and left the room whining and scratching his head.

Thus did Markham contrive to heal the injury which the sudden and overpowering joy of a direct discovery might have done Wilmot, by mixing threats against Dennis with the confirmation of what he had told him, and by dulling the acute edge of joy with the disagreeable sound of anger and blustering.

Having rapped out a few curses against Dennis, and affected to be very angry in order to keep Wilmot still longer from giving a loose to excessive pleasure, he sat down by the bedside—"Wilmot, my boy!" said he—"I tell you what it is: I think it by no means improbable that you may some time or other get married to this young wench, who, sooth to say, can boast of more fidelity than is commonly found in her sex or ours either. By some little management I think we shall be able to bring

bring her to, let her father say or do what he will—I think I know where to find her; and if——”

“Find her!” exclaimed Wilmot—“Why here is her card, which she gave——”

“Well, well,” interrupted Markham, “so I say, so I say. Now suppose—suppose, I say, that I was to go see her; for you know that, well as she loves you, it would be too great a length for her to come and see you.”

“Why, she has been in the house already!” said Wilmot.

“Curse crack the jaw-bone of that ass Dennis, and his braying!—Zounds! Wilmot, won’t you let me speak?”

“My dear friend, proceed, and forgive me!” said Wilmot.—“I say, then,” continued Markham, “that though she came accidentally

dentally to look for lodgings into the house, she may think it not quite consistent with— with— with virgin-modesty—to visit you in your present state. And therefore——”

“ Good Heavens !” said Charles, “ did she but know how I am, she would—she certainly would come to see me—And what if she did ? What injury could it be ? what impropriety ?—Purity such as hers, like that of divine natures, can receive no spot, no stain—much less could its lustre be soiled by an act of benevolence and love—conjugal love.—For know, my valued friend, were cruel fate to separate our persons for ever, I shall never cease to think that in the eyes of God we are already married !”

“ Well, well,” said the Captain, “ we’ll see what’s to be done. But observe, if I should bring her here, and you transgress the bounds of moderation in your feelings, getting into your oh’s and ah’s, so as to injure your health, I have done from thence
forward

forward with the affair. By-the-by, I have some business to transact immediately, and must leave you for the present."—So saying he took his leave, leaving Wilmot to labour under a strange contradictory chaos of sensations.

The Captain, on leaving Wilmot, ordered a coach and drove directly to his law-agents, where he had a case drawn up in form on the subject of Miss Howard, and laid that very day before the Attorney and Solicitor-general for their opinion—with the quere, Whether she might not make choice of a guardian for herself? Having done this, he returned home to dinner; after which, he held a conference with Mrs. Danby (his landlady) respecting the accommodation of Arabella, whose situation he fully explained to her—declaring that it was his intention to protect and shelter her from the detestable tyranny of her father.

Mrs.

Mrs. Danby observed, that, as concealment from the young lady's friends was an object, the upper floor might possibly be better ; and they both agreed that the most eligible plan would be for Arabella to have the upper floor—with this proviso, that Mrs. Danby should live entirely with her from motives of propriety, for which the Captain agreed to reward her munificently ; and that, till Wilmot's perfect recovery, the Captain should dine with them every day. Things were therefore prepared according to this arrangement ; and in the evening Arabella attended by Mr. and Mrs. Forster came, and got up stairs without the knowledge of Wilmot. Here Captain Markham opened his intention to them to the following effect : “ First, he would apply to the Lord Chancellor to be appointed guardian to Arabella ; and secondly, as soon as Charles was in perfect health they should be married.”

Arabella readily assented to the first of these

these propositions ; but to the latter she said, “ that, much as she loved Wilmot, and strong as she thought his claim to be, she never would consent to deprive her father of his just right to a negative in the disposal of her hand for life.”—The Captain, on hearing this, bounced from his chair, walked or rather strided two or three turns across the room—then coming up to her, and taking her by the hand, after some struggles to get out his words, said, “ If you go on this way, child, you will make a fool of me again, and persuade me that women are, as I once thought them, angels!—But, come! let us hope the best, and anticipate good rather than evil—Perhaps Mr. Howard and I may yet get acquainted; and if so, I think I have very weighty reasons to offer in behalf of your union with Wilmot.”

Tea being over, the countenance of Arabella manifested for some time strong emotions—which the Captain observed, but would not notice, wishing rather that they

should work their own way. At length, after her face had been alternately overspread with paleness and blushes, her voice stammering, and her whole frame trembling, she asked, whether she might not be permitted to see Wilmot?—It was an exertion too much for her enfeebled spirits, and she was sinking under it; but Mrs. Danby, by a timely application of her smelling-bottle, supported her. The old veteran was melted to a very woman, and blubbered out—“ You shall—you shall see him directly!”—Then observing her recover, and seeing her smile, he scampered out of the room, and descended to Wilmot’s chamber, where, with much caution and ingenuity, he disclosed her being in the house, prepared him to receive her, and returned up stairs—leaving Dennis capering about the room like a maniac, and whistling his favourite tune of “ *Leather away with your oak-stick!*” with an extravagance of gesture and luxuriance of expression that forced

forced a smile even from the worn heart of his master.

But soon footsteps were heard descending, and the Captain entered, leading in the trembling form of Arabella, who advanced to the bed, and, seeing her beloved Wilmot—once the picture of health, strength, youth and beauty—reduced to a skeleton, pale, wan, and emaciated—exclaimed, “Oh! God of mercy! is it possible—is this my Wilmot?” and sunk lifeless upon the floor. Never was distress wound up to such a paroxysm!—The consternation of the good old veteran was of itself enough to strike any heart with pity. But who could describe the agony of Wilmot, while, lying in bed, he held her hand in his, and hung over her as she lay lifeless on the floor!—Imagining at length, from the delirium occasioned by his horror, that she grew cold, he uttered a shriek that would have smitten the heart of a tiger—“She is dead! she is dead!” cried he—“Oh! she is dead!—Smite

me, then, gracious Dispenser of mercy!—In pity smite me on the head, and snatch me from tortures worse than those of the damned!”—The shriek of Wilmot, and the bel-
 lowing of Markham for help, brought down Mrs. Forster and Mrs. Danby, who raised up the lovely form of Arabella overspread with death, and laid her on a couch, where, after some pains in chafing, &c. she came to herself—but instantly fell into an hysterical fit, which lasted for some time, and entirely exhausted her. All this time Wilmot lay sunk in bed, stupefied with horror, and rending the air with his groans. At length, when Arabella’s sense began to recover, she cried, “Where is Wilmot? Give him—give him back to me!”—Then staring wildly about her—“Charlotte,” said she, “Charlotte, is not my beloved Wilmot dead?”—“No, my dear Bell!” returned Mrs. Forster—“For Heaven’s sake take comfort!—Your Wilmot is not dead! but lives—and lives to bless you!”

“Does

“ Does he—does Wilmot live?” said she exultingly—“ Then let me to him!—let me die on his bosom!—let him receive the last breath of his faithful Arabella!”—Saying which she rose with a violent exertion from the couch, burst through those about her, and threw herself in an agony on the floor at the side of Wilmot’s bed.

Indescribable were the sensations of all about them—What then must have been those of the two lovers themselves!—Wilmot became utterly distracted, kissed her hands, pressed them to his bosom, and wept—while she remained in a state of obstinate silent stupefaction, gazing up at him as if her eyes had lost the power of motion. At length nature and constitutional strength predominated—She burst out crying, and a copious flood of tears afforded her some relief. Every one present was affected deeply—The heart of Mrs. Forster particularly was wrung with distress, for she apprehended the state of her friend to

be most seriously alarming; and the old Captain wished that his head had been taken off by a chain-shot rather than that he had brought her into the room.

Whatever they might think, it is certain that the physician, when he came, declared her situation required immediate care and attention. She was accordingly conveyed up stairs, put to bed, and a composing medicine given to her. The Doctor, however, declared that Wilmot was in a most dangerous predicament; for, having had a relapse of the virus of the fever, with his strength considerably exhausted, it was a million to one if he could be able to resist it:—all was therefore misery, mortification, and sorrow. Mrs. Forster would not on any account quit her Arabella—but, with streaming eyes and an aching heart, listened to her incoherent rhapsodies all night; while Markham walked about the dining-room, groaning, and muttering to himself a thousand maledictions against Mr. Howard;

ard ;—and Dennis kept on foot traversing backward and forward from the kitchen to the bed-room, clapping and wringing his hands, crying, and calling in the Irish language upon all the Saints in the calendar to save the life of his dear master.

C H A P. IX.

FORTUNATELY the two patients, to wit, Charles and Arabella, carried along with them nostrums worth all the medicine put together that ever found place in the pharmacopœia, namely, youth and temperance; with their aid, Arabella was the next day much better, and her lover in three days after pronounced to be out of danger. The glad tidings being announced, Markham strutted about the dining-room so elevated in spirits that he felt as if his head touched the clouds, and Dennis once more began to think of his sweetheart Moudee.

It was on the fifth day from that of Arabella's interview with Wilmot, that a letter was received by Captain Markham from
Mrs.

Mrs. Forster, informing him that she had reason to believe, from certain cunning enquiries which her servant had told her were made at an adjacent public-house, whence they got their beer, that Mr. Howard was in town, and was going to work rather with subtilty than force to find his daughter.

“ Ay, ay,” said the Captain, “ surprise is fitter for a rascal of that kind than open assault; but we defy him !”—for he had actually got the opinion of counsel in his favour, and had already a petition before the Lord Chancellor to be appointed Arabella’s guardian, which only waited for her to be able to attend in order to make her election in his Lordship’s presence.

Meantime Wilmot recovered apace, and even went out in a coach to see Mr. Hartpole. Every day he drank down delicious draughts of love, which invigorated him more than all the drugs in Apothecaries’-hall, or even the more salutary medicines of

Leaden-hall market, could have done. A variety of circumstances, however, still made it obvious that Mr. Howard was hanging like a thunder-cloud over all their motions, ready to burst when occasion should offer. The utmost caution, therefore, was observed with respect to Arabella, and she never appeared at any of the front windows.

One day as Captain Markham and Charles Wilmot were sitting together, the servant maid informed them that a seafaring man was below who desired to speak with them. She was desired to call him up—and, on his entering the room, how were they surprised to see the Captain's old acquaintance, Kit Cluline!—"Ah! my good friend," said Markham shaking him by the hand, "How do you?"—"Pretty well, pretty well, master Markham, tho' I have my share of squalls too. But well or ill no matter, mayhap I may help to tow your messmate here (pointing to Charles) off of
some

some damned breakers that lie a-head."—Wilmot stared—Cluline proceeded: "You must know, master, there's an old mess-mate of mine, who happening to write (which, damn my precious blockhead! I never could do), has got the command of a South Sea whaler: he is a good lad to be sure, and, thoff he be a commander, and I only as you see, does not turn his back upon me. So this day he told me that he has an offer made him of a large sum of money, to cut away from his moorings, and pirate off to the South Seas a young vagabond (saving your favour!) of the name of Wilmot. Tom Taffrel is as honest a fellow as ever blood warmed," continued Cluline, "and would not do a dirty thing no more than myself, or—or you; but he was told this same Wilmot was a fortune-hunter, who was destroying the peace of a family by his practices—so, for that reason, and because there was a good sum of money offered, Tom agreed to do the thing, and consulted me about it. Now," added Clu-

line, " I knew, from all parts of the story, that the person he meant was your young messmate here—by Tom's direction I found him out—but before we hang out any signal to alarm the enemy, it is my opinion we should hoist false colours till we get the rogue at close quarters, and then you may rake him fore and aft as you please."

Markham and Wilmot both thanked the honest tar for his goodness; and the latter, as an earnest of his favour, offered him five guineas :—but Cluline refused it, saying surlily, " that he was not that sort of man—that he never was one of those who came down upon a vessel to rob her like a pirate, under the sham pretence of relieving her—and finally assured them that he did not want money ;" as a proof of which, he displayed a handful of copper and silver coin mixed with half-chew'd quids and fragments of tobacco—" Nevertheless, master," said he, " I will not rest till I work to windward of this piratical dog, and give him

him a keelhauling for his tricks."—Wilmot begged him to get a description of the man, and, if possible, to learn his name; which Kit promised to do, and, taking two or three strong glasses of grog, departed in great glee at the prospect of so funny an adventure.

Charles and his friend had a long conversation on the subject as soon as Cluline went away. The former declared he had not the smallest doubt but that Mr. Howard was the person who aimed this deadly blow at him; but Markham disagreed, declaring it to be an act so far below a gentleman, as well as so diabolical, that he could not suppose Howard capable of it. If, however, it be he," said the Captain, "the fellow ought to have his coat turned, and to be drummed out of society to the tune of the Rogue's March; at least one or other of us ought to call him out and shoot him like a dog.—Yet no—no, no—no shooting! too much of that already."—"Besides,"
I
said

said Charles, "it will be infinitely more advantageous, as well as proper, to proceed with temper and policy, else we might serve him, and defeat our own ends."

That day they both dined with Mr. Hartpole, and it was rather later than their usual hour before they returned home. When the coachman knocked at the door, and it was opened, they were much surprised to see the hall filled with Mrs. Danby and the servants of the house, and Dennis in the midst of them roaring like a madman, and crying "Curfed, curfed was the hour that ever I came into this country, for sure it is another hell, and nothing but misfortunes attend us in it!" Then, seeing his master enter, "Oh! she is gone—she is gone! she is carried away for ever!"—"Who is gone, you noisy blockhead?" said Markham—"Who is gone?"—The fears of Wilmot anticipated the tale. "Miss Arrybelly is gone!" said Dennis—"I knew it!" said Wilmot—"Then I am undone for ever!"

ever!"—Saying which he ran up stairs, and in an agony threw himself upon his bed. Mrs. Danby then informed Markham that an elderly gentleman, whom, from what passed, she supposed to be Miss's father, attended by another gentleman, and several armed men, knocked at the door—and, when it was opened, walked up stairs without asking a question or meeting resistance, and carried away the young Lady, while she was abroad.

"Then," said Markham, "there is no time to be lost!—So running up stairs, and finding Wilmot in the plight we have mentioned, "Get up," said he, "and act the part of a man and a soldier!—We shall find means to chastise this fellow's audacity—Rise, I say again, and be a man!"—Charles immediately rose and followed him. The coachman had not yet been discharged—So getting into the coach again, he drove first to Mr. Forster's chambers, and took him and his wife in; and thence to Mr. Hartpole,

4

whom

whom he entreated to attend them—Then took his lawyer's in the way, and, ordering him to attend him, proceeded to the Lord Chancellor's.

His Lordship, upon being told there was a case which required instant interposition, directly ordered them in; and, on hearing the general outlines of the case, and being informed that the young Lady was carried away while a petition lay before him to appoint a guardian to her, issued an order for Richard Howard to attend and bring before him Arabella, his daughter, the next day at twelve o'clock; Mr. Hartpole, who was well known to his Lordship, becoming responsible for the appearance of his friends, and assuring the Chancellor that they were people of considerable rank and property, and had received unbounded injury from the falsehood and breach of faith of Mr. Howard, whose conduct could not be accounted for but by an unjust

just bigoted aversion to the religion of the established church.

As soon as the order was granted, Mr. Hartpole went himself to Bow-street, and engaged all the officers and runners that could be found there to go directly and search for Mr. Howard; and, above all, to prevent his departure for Ireland. This done, they returned home to their lodgings with hearts filled with sorrow and indignation; and there Mrs. Danby informed them, that she had discovered her servant-maid to be concerned in the plot for carrying away Miss Howard—"But," added she, "you must not be surprised at this; for the servants of London are, I will take upon me to say, the very worst and most vicious wretches in existence."

Although they slept but very little that night, they went with some spirit to the Lord Chancellor's next morning, leaving word, if any one should call, that they were
gone

gone to his Lordship's. Captain Markham had his law-agent and an eminent barrister along with him, and Mr. Hartpole and Mr. and Mrs. Forster attended. After waiting some time, Mr. Howard came in leading Arabella; with them also came 'Squire Giles; and after them a number of Bow-street gentry, who, ever since receiving their instructions, and serving Mr. Howard with the Chancellor's order, had diligently watched all their motions. The Chancellor having read the petition, counsel opened the state of the case, referring to the Popery Laws, under which, in Ireland, the Chancellor could not hesitate a moment; and observed, that, at all events, by the young Lady's age she was legally competent to elect a guardian for herself. His Lordship then turned to Miss Howard, and asked her "if her name was Arabella Howard?" She answering in the affirmative, he desired her to declare her age—She answered, that she was then in her nineteenth year. —He then asked her, "whom she chose to be
her

her guardian?"—Here the delicate feelings of Arabella overcame her, and she was scarcely able to speak. But his Lordship, observing her father violently squeezing her hand, and her colour coming and going, ordered him to drop her hand, and, calling her over to him, seated her by his side. After a pause of a few moments, in which she recovered in some degree her spirits, she said, "My Lord, were I to choose a guardian from the first dictates of my heart, my choice should certainly rest where nature and duty direct—I mean with my respected father; but, my Lord, my reason tells me, and his past conduct convinces me, that the first use he would make of his power would be to heap ruin and misery upon me, by compelling me either to marry in direct violation of my feelings, or to send me, as he once threatened, to a nunnery abroad. I therefore make choice of the petitioner, Mr. Markham, and earnestly beseech your Lordship to put me under his protection!"

"You

“ You are this Lady’s father, Sir ?” said the Chancellor to Mr. Howard.

“ I am, my Lord !”

“ And what objection have you to offer to this Lady’s choosing her guardian, which by law she is entitled to do ?”

Mr. Howard then told his Lordship a tale of her disobedience and refusal to marry a gentleman of estate and rank whom he had chosen for her, in favour of a young fellow against whom he had set his face.

Mr. Hartpole then stepped forward, and told the Chancellor the general outlines of Charles’s history—the agreement between the two families—the rank, fortune, and virtues of Sir Clement—and, finally, accused Mr. Howard of a most scandalous and cruel breach of faith. “ Your Lordship shall judge, whether, even in point of rank

or fortune, this gentleman (pointing to Giles), a perfect stranger to Mr. Howard, could upon any fair and plausible account be held so far preferable to Mr. Wilmot as to induce such a scandalous violation of contract, and such gross wrong and indignity to that respectable family."

The Chancellor then said, "Whatever might ultimately be his decision on the question, if called upon to pronounce his judgment, one thing was clearly his duty, namely, to forbid, under such circumstances, all coercion and restraint upon the young Lady, who, as it appeared upon the face of the business, was to be made the victim of duplicity, artifice, and probably bigotry. The threat of sending her to a convent, which had not been denied, if there was nothing else, entitled her to protection. His Lordship, however, wished Mr. Howard would see the affair in its true point of view, and give up with a good grace a point he certainly would not be able to carry in any place

place where British laws held out their protecting arm. If, however, that gentleman should be found unruly, the Court of Chancery would certainly relieve against him; but he thought it a matter fitter for the Chancery of Ireland, which was more competent than he was to decide on a question in which not only residents of that country were concerned, but the Popery Laws of that kingdom were involved. He therefore desired that the young Lady should be left to the unmolested choice of her abode, and that the matter of the petition should stand over, reserving to himself the power of making such order thereon as should thereafter seem necessary."

Having said so much, he suggested to the young Lady the propriety of yielding to her father, as far as she could without utter violence to her feelings. To this Arabella answered, that she had never intended to assume to herself, in the important point on which her father and she differed,

pro- differed, more than a negative : and to this
 nan- Markham bore testimony; which drew from
 an- his Lordship a sentiment of approbation
 im; highly to her honour.

the
 om- His Lordship having settled the mat-
 tion- ter so for the present, Arabella, in his pre-
 oun- sence, gave her hand to old Markham, and
 laws- claimed his protection—which he most
 He- gladly promised her, and was walking away
 lady- in triumph, Mr. Howard and Mr. Giles fol-
 ce of- lowing, when one of the Bow-street men,
 pe- who had served the order on Mr. Howard,
 him- stopped them, and, turning to the Chancellor,
 here- said, “ Please your Lordship, it is my duty
 ” to tell you that this here man Giles, whom
 that there man Mr. Howard calls a man
 of estate and rank, has no other rank but
 that of an impostor, and no other estate
 but his *nimble* fingers :—he was tried and
 pilloried for perjury and fraud ; and I will
 prove it, for it was I took him up.”

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 mpor-
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 fered,
 Mr. Howard stared—“ Friend, friend,”
 said

he, "you must be egregiously mistaken! Mr. Giles is a Herefordshire gentleman of large estate and property."

"Giles!" exclaimed the fellow laughing, "What a rum quiz you are!—Why, I know him as well as my brother.—Giles indeed!—He Giles!—He Hereford!—No, Sir, he is a dear countryman of your own, and his name is Farrel."

"Farrel!" exclaimed Howard—"Farrel!" exclaimed old Markham—"Farrel!" exclaimed all of them.

"Let me view this Mr. Farrel," said Markham. He then examined him closely, while the fellow endeavoured to hide his face with his hat. After which, turning to the Chancellor, "My Lord," said he, "this fellow's name is Farrel!—He was a soldier in my regiment in India, and was whipped out of it for theft: I undertake that if
he

he be examined, the marks of five hundred lashes will be found upon his back."

"Yet, my Lord," said Mr. Hartpole, "for this infamous impostor has Mr. Howard brought one of the best men existing, and his family, to misery—almost to death! and driven his own daughter nearly to distraction and despair!"

Giles admitted that his name was Farrel, with a degree of effrontery well suited to his character—and was going, when he was stopped by Wilmot.

While the previous matter had been going forward, Kit Cluline, directed by Dennis, had followed them there, and, calling Charles aside, had informed him that the plan for carrying him away in the South Sea whaler, of which he had before given him notice, was now traced to a man of the name of Giles. Accordingly, as Mr. Giles, henceforth Farrel, was about to take

his leave, Charles came up and stopped him :—" Hold, Sir !" said he, " I accuse you of a conspiracy with some other persons against me !"—The Chancellor was surprised—" Discoveries thicken," said he, " upon this fellow !"—Cluline was then ordered to declare what he knew about this conspiracy ; which he did in his own phrase, to the great amusement of his Lordship, who was frequently obliged to have the seaman's language expounded to him. In fine, the Bow-street men were once more directed to pay their compliments to Mr. Farrel, and bring him before the Justices for examination, informations being lodged against him for new offences. Our company, therefore, making their respectful compliments to his Lordship, retired—Markham in great state leading his newly-adopted daughter by the hand, and Mr. Howard groaning, and casting up his eyes to Heaven.

In the evening, as they were sitting at the lodgings

lodgings of Markham, a letter came from Mr. Howard, desiring to be allowed the privilege of seeing his daughter and Captain Markham. This was readily granted, and a polite invitation sent back by Markham, requesting that he would come and settle all differences, if possible—to which Arabella expressed a hope he would now be the more inclined, seeing the dreadful precipice he had escaped. In fact, Mr. Howard came that night, and Captain Markham saw and treated him politely. Charles, for certain reasons, kept out of the way.

“ Mr. Howard,” said Markham, “ I call upon you to imitate me !”—Howard stared.—“ Yes, Sir, to imitate me ! by forgiving those you think your enemies. You have yourself, Sir, done me the greatest injury, and inflicted in my heart the deepest wound it ever received—a wound which to this moment has never ceased to bleed !—Yes, Mr. Howard, you deprived me of all I ever held dear in life. Here is her image !”

pointing to Arabella ; “ and therefore here lie all my affections.”—Mr. Howard was lost in wonder.—“ Your surprise, Sir, will cease,” continued he, “ when I tell you that I am the unhappy cousin—once the lover of your wife. Years of oblivious happiness have banished it from your remembrance ; while countless hours of misery kept my memory awake to it, and heightened rather than lessened my passion. I am that Miles Markham—that rejected, despised, injured Miles Markham—whom your father-in-law turned out of his doors, and to whom you, more charitably, I wish I could add more respectfully too, sent a ten-pound bank-bill, which found its way back again to you in a blank cover. Well, Sir, as I could not be the husband of your wife, I will at least be a father to her child, and it shall be found so !”

Mr. Howard, in return, declared that he was happy to find, since his daughter had taken refuge under another, that it was under

der a relative so worthy of her confidence ; and assured Markham he had never felt to his wife's relations any thing less than the greatest tenderness and good wishes. He declared himself horror-struck and indeed bewildered at the discoveries of the day, as they led, he feared, to plans much deeper than appeared at first view. He then said, "Giles, or rather Farrel, had written to him, requesting that he would endeavour to stop the prosecutions against him, and that he would make some discoveries of great importance to the family." And Mr. Howard added, "that he hoped Mr. Wilmot would agree to wave his share of the charges, as his doing so might possibly lead to fortunate consequences."

Markham answered, "that he was convinced there was nothing Mr. Howard could ask of Wilmot in vain ;" and in short undertook to answer for him—but observed, that he hoped, "before the fellow was releas-

ed, ample confession would be extorted from him. And now, Mr. Howard," continued he, " seeing how very grossly you have been already misled, will you any longer delay doing justice to your own honour—to the feelings of your amiable daughter—to the just demands of the Wilmot family—and to the expectation of the world—by giving your daughter's hand where it is due?"

"Do not, Sir!" replied Mr. Howard—"do not so soon after our first acquaintance start a point of discussion on which we must disagree for ever!—My right to dispose of my daughter has been questioned, and decided to have no legal existence; for my consent alone am I now responsible, and that consent shall never be extorted from me!"

"And yet, Mr. Howard, you will give it voluntarily very soon, I can tell you!"

"Indeed

“ Indeed I never will !”

“ Indeed you will ! and I will lay you a lack of pagodas of it. But, come, I purpose setting out for Dublin in a few days ; and there, if necessary, we will have the opinion of the Irish Chancellor. Meantime Miss Howard will remain with me— You will take the necessary steps with Mr. Farrel—and Mr. Wilmot will send you his release to make use of as you please. I sent my steward and house-keeper over before me to take a house, and the former writes me word he has procured one suitable to my wishes. I will give you a card containing directions to it, and will look to see you there soon after we are landed.”

Mr. Howard could not conceal his feelings at parting even for a few hours from his daughter ; but whatever phantasm had got possession of his brain, he seemed resolved rather to give up all hopes of comfort with her, than yield his consent to her marriage with Wilmot.

It was now resolved that the two friends with their new charge should proceed to revisit their native country in a few days ; and Dennis, hearing it, resolved to make Moudee his own for fear of losing her, for to do them both justice they loved each other extremely. It was therefore proposed that she should become attendant to Arabella, and go along with them to Ireland. To this, however, they were surprised to find the girl made many objections—till, being all over-ruled by the Irish rhetoric of Dennis, she acknowledged “ that her reason for objecting to going with them to Ireland, as well as for her never appearing on board ship before the gentlemen, was her fear of Captain Markham. She was that daughter of whom he spoke to Wilmot, and of whom, since her indiscretion during his absence, he had taken no other notice than to give her a sum of five thousand rupees, or six hundred and twenty-five pounds ; which sum she had thriftily husbanded, and gone to serve a Lady, taking the Gentoo
name

name of Moudee, and concealing that of Betsy Markham, by which she had been formerly known."

Wilmot broached this affair to Markham with all possible delicacy and caution. It set the old fellow, however, grinning and blaspheming for half a day.—At last, over a bottle of wine, Wilmot brought him to bear; and the worthy man said, "that if the fellow was fool enough to marry such a wench, he would do what he could for them." His consent, therefore, was given—her pardon sealed—and she was permitted to attend Arabella, but on the express condition that her origin should be kept concealed from that young Lady.

When every thing was prepared for their departure on the following day, Kit Cluline came to take his leave of all hands; and Markham not only gave him letters to serve him, but forced a small sum of money on him, saying to him, "My honest fellow, I shall be glad to hear what success you have!"—"Will you—will you?" said Clu-

line. “ Well, then, write down your bearings on a piece of paper, and let me have it, and mayhap I may send you a bit of a letter.” The Captain did so.—He had already spoken to Mr. Howard to let him have his uncle’s house upon any terms, as it was the scene of his youthful frolics, and would now be dear to him on account of being so near his cousin Arabella; and Mr. Howard promised him that he should himself make the terms. The direction he gave Cluline, therefore, was *Hollywood*, the name of the town where his uncle lived.—“ Read it, master !” said Cluline. Markham did so, “ *Hollywood.*”—“ Hollywood !” repeated the tar meditatively—“ Hollywood !—Damn my limbs if I could recollect that name these twenty years !—That is the very place old Wilson bid me come to him—and, ’od rot it ! I could not think of it ”—“ Old Wilson !” said Markham : “ What old Wilson ?”—“ Why, old George Wilson,” said he, “ that commanded the Bristol West India ship ;

ship ; as hearty a cock and as good a seaman as ever cracked a cake of biscuit—Damn me, I wonder—is he alive yet? God ! mayhap—— ”

“ What have you to say to old Wilson, as you call him ? ” said Markham gravely.

“ What have I to say, master !—Why, he bid me come to him many a time, and oft ; and because I was a graceless boy, and could not read or write, he could do nothing for me, thoff he did love me too—and, though I was only his nephew, wished me as well as if I was his son.”

“ Why, Mr. Cluline, I knew Captain Wilson very well, and am acquainted with all his affairs ; but I am sure he had no nephew of the name of Cluline.”

“ Ah ! Lord help you, master ! how ignorant you landsmen are of proper experience !—Cluline is only my man of war name, —Did you ever know a sailor rated on the

books by his true name?—No, no! my name is Kit Henley.”

“Zounds!” said Markham impatiently, “that is the very name—You are his nephew sure enough, and I must shake you by the hand. Mr. Henley, I congratulate you upon two things; first, on being a gentleman of property, which I have ready to give up to you—and next, and chiefly, on being the nephew of the very best man that human blood ever warmed!”

“What, then,” said Cluline—“Shall I be clean laid up, and kept snug and dry for life?”

“Indeed you shall!” said Markham—“So go away and prepare for your trip to Ireland.”—So hobbling off in a hurry, Kit went to Monmouth-street, and, with the cash given him by Markham, assorted himself with finery for his journey to Ireland.

C H A P. X.

ON their arrival in Dublin, Charles wrote to his father, informing him generally of what had passed since his last letter, and particularly of the arrival of Markham and Arabella—and urging the necessity there was for his awaiting in Dublin a general eclclaircissement, which probably would take place before the Lord Chancellor, as a reason for the Baronet's coming to town. That worthy man, therefore, impatient to see his son, and Lady Wilmot not less impatient to embrace her beloved Charles, came directly up to town: and the transported youth, in the arms of his parents, forgot for a time that any other beings but they were in existence—while they beheld with ecstasy their beloved son, so long absent, and so long thought to be dead.

The

The day after the arrival of Sir Clement, Mr. Howard reached Dublin, and paid a visit to the old Captain. He seemed thoughtful and bewildered—while not only his looks, but his actions and words, and above all his frequent sighs, bespoke that something was labouring within his bosom. Mr. Markham asked him about his quondam friend Giles.—“The villain!” exclaimed Mr. Howard—“Name him not!—Yet he—What is he compared with another villain?—a viper, whom I was warming and cherishing in my bosom, at the very moment he was laying a deliberate plan for my ruin!”

While they were speaking Sir Clement joined them, and, bowing slightly to Mr. Howard, entered into conversation with Markham.—“Gentlemen,” said the latter, “bluntness is my natural foible;—and though, perhaps, according to the strict laws which people of modern fashion have laid down for the conduct of social intercourse,

course, and dignified with the name of politeness, I may be thought by some to push it too far, I have at least sincerity and good intention to plead in its excuse. If, in what I am to say to you both, I should seem officious or obtrusive, I have only to request that you will postpone your censure and give me my way for a few days; at the end of which time, I undertake to make you both acknowledge yourselves my debtor. It is to this over-strained stiff-necked adherence to politeness and etiquette that we owe that nine-tenths of the quarrels and heart-burnings in society survive their birth one hour.

“ If I have not been misinformed, gentlemen, you were once the warmest, and apparently the most inseparable of friends; and you are now, without an adequate, or indeed any cause at all, become, if not enemies, at least next thing to it—while the dearest objects of your respective affections smart beneath your disagreement. For
you,

you, Mr. Howard, I am the relation of your daughter;—I am, in fact, her guardian too, and I wish to see her fairly treated. To Mr. Charles Wilmot I owe my life, and am bound in gratitude to do all in my power to make him happy. You, Sir, agreed for several years to their union—By doing so, you not only excited mutual love in their bosoms, but, in fact, made it a duty incumbent on them to consider each other in the light of husband and wife;—without your doing which, it is fair to conclude they never would have thought of each other in any other way than as mere friends or acquaintances. Thus circumstanced, it is not in the nature of things to afford, or even within the compass of human invention to conceive, any just cause on your part for thwarting their alliance.—Perhaps, Sir, you are one of those men who disdain to retract any resolution they have formed;—but recollect, Sir, that when resolutions are in themselves vicious, adherence to them merely from obstinacy renders

renders them ten-fold more culpable—and it behoves you well to reflect upon the ruinous precipice you have by my fortunate interference already escaped. This day, had it not been for me, your amiable daughter would have been the violated wife of an impostor and a thief. Reflect, then, I beseech you, Mr. Howard, and give your consent to that union which must ultimately take place :—and at all events remember, that if you should persist in your refusal, you owe it to this gentleman and his son, to the world, to your daughter, and, above all, to your own character, to give a reason, such as no one can resist the force of, for your conduct !”

“ Considering your affinity to my beloved wife—your zeal in the cause of my daughter—and, above all, the obvious sincerity of your intentions—I cannot,” said Mr. Howard, “ deny that I feel disposed to satisfy you if I can ; and I can with great truth say I have no less inclination

to satisfy the mind of Sir Clement Wilmot. Let me then have a patient hearing, and fair credit for what I shall assert:—if I fall into error, it shall not be an error of the inclination, but of the understanding.

“ I admit my being accessory to the unhappy project laid between Lady Wilmot and Mrs. Howard for the marriage of our children—though I hope to be believed when I say my mind foretold I was doing wrong. It was my practice to indulge my wife:—I sincerely loved Lady Wilmot and her family; and rather than damp the pleasure they seemed to feel in the plan, I acceded to it—though, as I said before, I had internal monitions that I was not doing right. However, with respect to the feelings of the young couple, the effect was all the same. In the course of a few years I changed my opinion, and felt within myself the most unalterable persuasion that they ought not to be married. I feel great and almost insuperable reluctance

to give my reasons for this. Will it suffice if I declare, as I now do most solemnly before that God who is to judge me ! that it has not arisen from any the smallest abatement in my affection to the young gentleman, or of the respect and veneration I always had for his most amiable parents? Good God ! Sir," said he in great emotion, "can I be supposed that brute, so bereft of all honesty, so lost to all sense of gratitude, as wilfully to injure those to whom I owe so much?—Sir Clement, it was not because I was not loud in professions of gratitude that I did not feel your bounty to my girl—your goodness to myself. That day when you were called forth from my table, at the requisition of your attorney, I was not ignorant of your business.—Yes, Mr. Markham, a villain of the name of Walter had engaged an attorney to file a bill of discovery and rob me of my property—the estate, time immemorial, of my ancestors. Sir Clement, whose authority over the attorney was unbounded, got notice of it, and

and took means to make the * hired discoverer declare the trust and assign it over to him, and so rescued me and mine from penury. Am I the brute that could be insensible to this?—Nay, by Heavens! on the day when you sent your son Charles to me with a letter and a box containing the papers, and an assignment of your right to me—conscious as I was of the dagger I was planting in the heart of my benefactor, I would rather ten thousand times have received a warrant for my execution, than undergone the agonies I did—Even now, so prosper all my hopes of happiness here and hereafter! as I would give up estate, daughter, life, every thing—but my eternal soul—to make you all happy!”

Markham stared—“ Then, what the devil prevents you from giving that part we would be content with?—Keep your estate—but give us your daughter!”

* Vide Note to page 107, Vol. I.

"It must out then," said Mr. Howard.
"There are terms on which alone Mr. Wilmot, or any man, can have my daughter with my consent."

"Name them!" said Markham.

"It is useless!—They are such as he neither can nor will accede to—nor I abate from."

"But what are they?"

"That he abjure his religion and become a catholic. Not one day's luck have I had since I married a protestant, though she was the best of created beings.—I lost her!—I lost my son!—carried off, as it were, by enchantment! My castle, in time, became a hell to me, with dreadful visions, and preternatural monitions! The curse of the eldest of my family lay at my door!—and the voice of Heaven itself, revealed to me in my sickness and renewed every night since, has interdicted their nuptials!"

"Well,

“ Well, by the Lord !” said Markham, “ if I had been told this by another, of you, I could not have believed it.—But we will see whether we cannot break this enchantment.—What say you, Sir ?” turning to Sir Clement.

“ I say,” answered Sir Clement, “ that this is no more than I had long reason to believe were that gentleman’s sentiments; and I could only pity, but not blame, such insane notions. But, Sir, I fear the spirit of bigotry has had, upon the heart of Mr. Howard, the same dire effects it has never failed to have wherever it blows its baleful breath, and rendered him furious and merciless.”

“ Furious and merciless !” repeated Mr. Howard—“ How ? in what way ? Heaven knows what an ocean of tears, what agonies, and what torturing conflicts between my duty and my inclination, it has cost me !”

“ Was

“ Was it your duty, Sir,” said the Baronet in a tone of severe solemnity, “ to lift the murderer’s dagger against the bosom of that youth whose fate you now affect to deplore ?”

“ I lift a dagger !” interrupted Mr. Howard in astonishment—“ I lift a dagger against Charles Wilmot ! or against any one !—Nay, now, Sir Clement, you must excuse me—but I really must retort the charge of insanity upon yourself ; for certainly the most extravagant ravings that ever fell from a maniac, would not be more unintelligible than what you have just now uttered—Pray, Sir, therefore, expound !”

“ Sir,” said the Baronet, “ it shall be expounded, and to your confusion !—“ Mr. Markham, will you have the goodness to order my son to be called in ?”

Markham complied, and Charles Wilmot made his appearance.

Sir

Sir Clement addressed him—"I desire, Sir, you will recite, exactly as they happened, all the transactions that befell you at Inchvally-wall the night you left your ship and came there."

"Dear Sir," said Charles, "how can you thus, for the first time in your life, not only disclose what I intended to keep for ever a secret between ourselves, but even call upon me to perform the painful task of detailing it again? Do, my dear Sir! let it rest. It was a mere nothing, at least not worth relating; and I beg to be excused."

"Sir," said Mr. Howard, "your father may release you from the task, but I cannot. It is a duty I owe myself to demand it; and it will be only justice to me in you to relate it."

Charles then proceeded to relate, that the vessel in which he left the Thames for Portugal met with a gale of wind in the
6 Channel,

Channel; which carried away some of her rigging, and obliged her to run into Cork to refit; that, finding the vessel would not be ready to sail for two days, he took post horses, and rode across the country, in order to see Miss Howard, if possible; that having received positive directions from his father not to see that young Lady before his departure from Ireland, he thought that would be a happy way of indulging his wishes, without breaking his father's commands. He therefore abstained from shewing himself at the lodge, but watched at the garden-gate, and at the stone-cross, and, hoping that his friend Hartop might be at the castle, spoke to one of Mr. Howard's field servants to tell him to come to him—putting at the same time a piece of money into his hands, and desiring him not to tell any one but Mr. Hartop that he saw him. The fellow, he observed, seemed to be terrified, and ran away when he let go his hand.—He said that he waited, notwithstanding he had a heavy cold upon his

VOL. III. N lungs,

lungs, and there was deep snow, until about (he believed) twelve o'clock, when two persons approached him from the old chapel, and assaulted him. One made a thrust of a poniard at his bosom—crying, at the same time, “ Die, damned heretic !”

“ You astonish me !” said Mr. Howard.

Charles continued to relate, that he partly warded off the blow, but not so entirely but it left a mark, which he shewed them. He then had a scuffle with the fellow, in which he wrested the weapon from him, and, plunging it in his bosom, left him there, proceeding directly to the public-house where he had left his horse, and from whence, without any delay, he set off for Cork, and arrived in time to get on board and sail for Lisbon.

“ Zounds !” said Markham, “ you never told me a word of all this, though you promised to tell me your whole story !—I understand

understand you ! I understand you !—
Well, what do you think of him now, Mr.
Howard ?”

“ I cannot think better of him than I
did—his story really astonishes me ; but if
he kept it from you merely out of delicacy
to me, which I believe to be the case, he
misplaced both his delicacy and the suspi-
cion that gave rise to it.”

“ And yet, Sir,” said the Baronet, tak-
ing up the discourse, “ men have been
found guilty on lighter proof than appears
against you in this, and I wish you to get
over it if you can.—The dagger, Sir ! the
dagger is found, and in my possession !”

“ Well, Sir,” said Mr. Howard sharp-
ly, “ what is that to me ?—What proof is
that ?”

“ I have been in the armoury of your
castle at Inchvally,” said Sir Clement, “ to

which you yourself, I know, keep the key; and I have seen that dagger there."

"Impossible, Sir!—by Heaven it is impossible!—for I never saw a dagger in it save one, one short stiletto, in a green velvet scabbard, taken, it is said, above three hundred years ago, from the side of a Spanish Cavalier whom he killed, by Sir Ralph Howard my ancestor; and thence called Sir Ralph Howard's dagger."

"That, Sir," interrupted Sir Clement,—"that very dagger I have at my place. Dr. Heartly and I hearing my son had been seen at the castle-wall, went by break of day next morning, and there we found a trail of blood, and Sir Ralph Howard's dagger."

"By all that's gracious!" said Mr. Howard, "you amaze me more than ever I remember in my life to be amazed!—And do you—can you think, Sir Clement—!
Good

Good God!—Do you really take me for that abject villain to deal in assassination?”

Sir Clement was proceeding to answer him, when a servant entered and informed Mr. Howard that a person from Inchvally waited to see him, and had a letter to deliver, which he would give into no one's hands but his own, as it was of consequence, and required dispatch.

Mr. Markham ordered the fellow in, and he delivered a letter to Mr. Howard, saying he rode all night by Mr. Hartop's order. On opening the letter, Mr. Howard read as follows :

“ DEAR SIR,

“ AN event of the greatest importance demands your immediate presence at the castle. Father Dominic lies at the point of death, with a wound I gave him, and which he well deserved. He has something to disclose to you, that deeply con-

cerns you; without which he cannot, he says, die in peace. He calls for Sir Clement Wilmot too; but he is from home. Haste then, Sir, I beseech you!—Being in haste to send off the messenger, I can only say I am

“Yours, &c. &c.

“R. H. HARTOP.”

“What can all this mean?” exclaimed Mr. Howard.—“Farrel killed by Hartop! However well deserved, it was an impious deed!”—He gave the letter to Sir Clement to read; then to Markham.—Sir Clement mused.—“Is it not strange?” said Mr. Howard.—“Not at all!” said Sir Clement.—“If I am not mistaken, twenty-four hours more will unveil to you what I have in part long suspected. At all events, as the man calls for me, I will go; and am ready to attend you.”

As the affair demanded speed, they set out directly, and next morning reached the castle.

castle. Farrel was still alive, and frequently called for Mr. Howard and Sir Clement Wilmot. When Hartop appeared—"So, Sir!" said Mr. Howard severely—"What is this you have done?"

"Wounded the worst of villains, in the execution of the worst of projects!" replied Hartop sternly; for, though fond of and respectful to Mr. Howard, he did not understand being spoken to sharply.

"What do *you* call the worst of projects, Sir?"

"I am tongue-tied upon the subject, Sir!" said Hartop.—"Apply to the villain himself for information:—for once in his life you will find him sincere."

They proceeded to the convent, where Farrel lay attended by a brother, and Dr. Heartly sitting by his side.

As soon as they entered he stretched forth his hand to Mr. Howard, saying, "Forgive me! and pray to the Throne of mercy to forgive me! for I am a gross sinner—an ungrateful one to you!"

"From my heart I forgive you," said Howard, "be your offences and injuries what they may!"

"Your daughter is not yet married to Giles?"

"No, she is not!"

"Thank God!—thank God!—He is not——"

"I know all that!" interrupted Mr. Howard with tenderness—"Save yourself the recital!"

"Where is Charles Wilmot?"

"He

“ He is in Dublin.”

“ I wish he and your daughter were here, that I might give them both my dying benediction, and receive their forgiveness!—Marry them directly.”

“ Marry them ! say you ?”

“ Yes, marry them directly, and atone.”

“ Why, you were yourself the person who most violently denounced vengeance !”

“ My machinations have produced all their sorrows, and dearly have I paid for it. Fearing you would not arrive before I died, I sent for Dr. Heartly, and he has taken down my whole confession in writing, which will unravel a long series of frauds upon your simplicity and beneficence. I grow weaker, and speaking will only accelerate my death, and take up that short

time that should be given to contrition and prayer.—Sir Clement, forgive me! and intercede for me with your son. Tell him to continue as he is, and he must be happy; for virtue and goodness are the true religion. I have exhorted brother Julian here to take example by my fate—He will—he will lead you, and explain all!”—So saying, he grew so weak that he was obliged to stop; and the Doctor pushing them out before him, they proceeded to the castle, where the priest’s confession, as taken down by the Doctor, was read in the following words:—The Doctor prefacing it by saying, “Dick Howard, when this paper is read, you will allow yourself to be the most completely duped and priest-ridden for some years past that any man ever was since Adam was a boy!”

“AT the time the castle of Inchvally was built, religion was more mixed with state affairs even than it is at present. Every chief had a chapel, and many had even a priory

priory annexed to and within the walls of their castle. Nothing truly good or estimable in life was held independent of the mystical rites of the church. The warrior could not fight, nor the lover woo, without receiving sacred benediction. Those were the days of valour, honour, and virtue:—they were also the days of barbarity and folly:—and the hero, who carried terror before him, and by his martial skill and prowess plucked laurels from warriors' brows, returned home to his castle, as the horse to his stable, to be unharnessed, and deceived by some bungling retainer to the church.

“ Under so formidable a conjunction of temporal and spiritual tyranny, many deeds were to be done that required concealment—many traps were likely to be laid—many escapes likely to be attempted—and many opens were to be left for the management of sacerdotal machinery.—Hence, beneath the ample space which those castles and their

appurtenances cover, vast excavations have generally been made in various directions—large vaults and arched galleries connecting them formed, and hidden stairs and galleries made in every wall. When the reformation got established on so firm a basis as to resist the anathemas of the Pope, and the persecution of his royal satellites—and when, in consequence thereof, men got the unluckly habit of thinking for themselves, and investigating with a closer eye the practices of the clergy—address became more necessary—trick was brought up in aid of miracle—and the subterranean passages, which gradually fell into disuse as engines of feudal tyranny, and at length were forgotten, became more necessary to the maintenance of sacerdotal deception, and, though carefully kept open, were as carefully concealed.

“ Perhaps no castle in the world has been more amply supplied with those subterraneous conveniencies than that of Inchvally.

Not a wall through the whole of it but is pierced—scarcely a chamber that has not a private well-concealed passage through the partition—not a word can pass that may not be heard :—hence, for more than a century, the family have remained in all their ancient notions, though successively producing men of uncommon intellects. The last person who turned aside was Mr. Hartop's mother; and the family had in consequence many awful warnings to eschew her, if they hoped for salvation—and they did so.

“ The first effort of my skill as prior of this convent was made at the birth of Mr. Howard's son. Miss Liffarda came and privately informed me the child was about to be damned by the act of its father—and besought me to have it, if possible, conveyed away before a drop of water fell on it from the diabolical hands of a heathen parson. After some difficulty I consented, tying her down by the sacramental oath to keep all a secret.

“ To

“ To this end I set the brothers of the convent, or brother Simon and brother Julian, to work, and we produced, by means easily explained, that uproar and those terrific appearances which so alarmed the castle. Liffarda herself gave Mrs. Howard a sleeping potion of my prescription, while they carried away the child, which was conveyed to France, whither Miss Liffarda soon followed it, and put it to nurse at a village near Paris, intending in due time to restore him to his father :— but her death prevented this, for she died, by my contrivance, before she could disclose it to him ; and as she left a large property in France for the infant, which I thought better to put in my own pocket, I concealed the fact, and the thing passed over—and as the name of the child was not known, there was no chance of a discovery, particularly as the people who had the child conceived it very sagaciously to be the offspring of Miss Liffarda’s own indiscretion.

“ Find-

“Finding myself at last high in Mr. Howard’s favour, and being resolved never to stop injuring him because I had once begun, I harboured designs to convert his goodness and simplicity to the most profitable purposes—and, in order to facilitate his mind for it, kept up alarms of the castle being haunted. At length, in an evil hour, a nephew of mine, who had gone out as a common soldier to India, returned almost naked, and wrote to me from London—I sent him money to equip himself like a gentleman, and desired him to repair to Dublin, where I contrived to get him introduced to the two Misses Grace, by whom he was warmly recommended to Mr. Howard as a husband for his daughter—and here again I felicitated myself on having kept the heir of the family unknown. I made visions appear to and voices be heard by Mr. Howard, in such a manner that few minds could withstand them—and when he was seized with a fever, a meeting of our clergy, by my means,

means, declared him in a state of utter reprobation if he did not vow to cut off the match between his daughter and a heretic.—On that principle he has acted ever since. Mean time I watched Miss Howard and her young friend Hartop closely—heard every word they said, and was able to counteract all her plans for seeing young Wilmot, who became now so hateful to me that I began to wish and soon after to plan his death

“ One night he went by appointment to the great-stone-cross to meet Miss Howard.—I heard of the plan, and took proper steps, not only to detain her within, but to meet Mr. Wilmot abroad. Under the stone-cross there is a large vault—Here we performed many devices to frighten him; and, on his running into the old tower, whither I and Father Julian in frightful dresses deluded him, Father Simon, who was placed upon the wall of the tower for the purpose, let down a huge loose fragment

ment of the wall, which fell close to him, but, to my then disappointment, and present comfort, did not kill him.

“ When I heard that that young gentleman left the country, I was in full hopes that persuasion mixed with force might make Miss Howard accept my nephew—but one night a report prevailed that he was seen at the castle-wall ; and as I knew better than to believe as the rest did, that he was dead and haunted the place, but on the contrary was persuaded he only came to carry the young Lady away, I went to the convent—dressed myself for the occasion—ordered brother Simon to attend me—went into Mr. Howard’s armoury, and taking the remarkable dagger which is said to be poisoned, and called Sir Ralph Howard’s dagger, determined to poniard him at the cross—Passing along the gallery we heard a voice, and spoke in such a manner as to shew to those who might hear us that it was some preternatural mission we were upon.

upon. Brother Simon, being the stronger man, took the dagger and attempted the deed; but Wilmot wrested the weapon from him, and, as we endeavoured to strike him down, plunged the dagger in the bosom of the assassin, and fled. The next day we reported that brother Simon was sick—next day but one that he died—and in two more deposited him in the vault near which he got his death.

“ Observing that on Mr. Howard’s going for England young Hartop was bent upon making a discovery, and sat up for the purpose night after night, I resolved by one grand effort to sicken him of it: were not his soul utterly a stranger to fear, he must have been terrified—but he pushed after me, though I was covered with phosphorus*, and actually threw some of it in

* *Phosphorus*, a name given to certain substances which shine in the dark without emitting heat.

Encyclop. Britan. vol. xiv. p. 625.

The

in a state of inflammation on him, and, grappling with me, gave me a wound which brought me to the ground—Sinner that I was! I wished at the moment to be dead—but rejoice that I have lived at least long enough to develop the whole of this business, and do, as far as I can, justice in atonement for my crimes.

“ Thus have I discharged my conscience, and revealed a lamentable scene of deception, which will more or less be carried on till proper means are taken to stop it. The amiable and good-hearted

The singularities of the light of the phosphori are, that they emit light of many different and most beautiful colours.

Ibid.

Phosphorus shines under water. *Ibid.* p. 627.

Many entertaining experiments may be made with the various kinds of phosphori, especially that of urine, which is sometimes dangerous on account of the violence with which it burns. If dissolved in oil of cloves, it loses this quality, but continues to be as luminous as before; so that this mixture (called *liquid phosphorus*) may be used with safety. On some occasions it may be in powder.

Ibid.

peasantry

peasantry of Ireland are the most duped, distressed, and plundered people under heaven; and if some like me get from them by chicane, the clergy of a church to which they do not belong, and whose ministry and offices they decline, extort their miserable earnings, in form of law, by force. Would you have those practices banished, repeal your penal laws—Do not make priests enemies from principle—Do not give currency to their delusions, by stamping them with the authority of persecution—or endear to them their errors, by fixing the price of martyrdom upon them. That time, I trust and foresee, will soon arrive, when toleration shall be preached by a divine of our own church, whose genius and liberal principles shall make him the talk of nations—and when a true Christian preacher, a bigot to no sect, a friend to all, and a scourge to the preachers of dissension, shall arise, and, with the splendour of his talents and the purity of his doctrines, crush that system of disunion which has made

made Irishmen slaves—make them unite in one body for the mutual support and vindication of their rights, and shew the crooked politicians, who divide but to trample on them, that they are but one people, and will have but one fate.”

“ Great God of mercy !” exclaimed Mr. Howard when this paper was read, “ to what a scene of deception and fraud have I been the dupe !—what a bitter bitter sufferer have I been—and all been !—Yet, yet, my son may live ! and he has not given me any clue where to find him !”—Saying this, he flew to the convent to ask the priest; but his soul was fled, and all hopes of information died with him. Father Julian, however, told him he had orders to shew him all the places under the castle ; but Mr. Howard, whose mind was now engrossed by objects of a more important kind, deferred it, and returned to the castle, where he again burst forth into exclamations of astonishment and lamentation, that
he

He should hear his son was probably yet alive, and suffering perhaps penury and oppression, while he knew not what way to turn in order to find him out.

“ Mr. Howard,” said Sir Clement, “ I have injured you by suspicions, and am sorry for it—Let us exchange forgiveness, and then we will go back to Dublin and take advice about the matter.”

“ My dear Sir Clement !” replied Mr. Howard, “ my wrongs to you and yours are countless; but, as they arose from error, you will forgive them, and it shall be my business to endeavour to make atonement for them!—As to my gallant Hartop, what shall I say to him?—what compensation make him for his inestimable services?—what apology for my sternness?”—“ None at all,” said Hartop; “ only accept it as a very poor proof of what I would do, if I could, in return for your unmerited friendship and protection. I assure you, Sir, you

will have a long day's entertainment and surprise in viewing the priests' machinery—The stone-coffin too!—Just come now, and see that!"—They all went up into the Crimson chamber, and thence into the closet, where the stone-coffin was raised up by a very simple machine beneath, which let it up or down with ease; so that any one might slip down a stair that it covered, and then be hid. The scroll of parchment still lay in it, and Mr. Howard shewed it to Sir Clement and the Doctor, who read in old text—"Shut thy door against heretics, sinners, else you shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."—"This," said Mr. Howard, "first made an impression on my mind; for the priest assured me it was recorded in the annals of the convent, and asserted by my uncle Arthur, that above a hundred years before my great-great-grandfather had been deposited there when dead, and that writing put by his order into his hand, with a heavy curse upon any of his family, who, seeing it, should disobey its commands."

mands.”—“Then, Sir,” said Hartop, “he owned to me that the skeleton was brought there from the vaults underneath the old chapel—that it was the skeleton of a priest—and that he himself had written the scroll. But it would surprise you,” continued the youth, “to see the various dresses and modes and implements of deception the fraternity have left below. Liquid and solid phosphorus (with which they rubbed themselves to appear as if on fire, sometimes in the shape of skeletons)—*pulvis fulminans*, or powder for making explosions—speaking trumpets—nay, a coffin and pall with which they often walked round the place, frightening the poor ignorant servants; and Father Simon, who was really a genius, a man of the world, and an excellent chymist, had an uncommon talent for inventing terrific plans and mysterious sayings. Under the great-stone-cross there is a very large vault which Friar Julian shewed me; it is full of those implements:—and what will astonish you,
the

the cross is not only pierced longitudinally with pipes to convey sounds, and even liquids, such as blood, &c. as it might suit former deceptions upon pilgrims, but actually (though as you know an enormous massy stone) is constructed beneath so as to let up and down, and move in various directions. Farrel also acknowledged, that on the second night of Wilmot's and my watching for the apparition, the pistols had been unloaded by him previously to our taking our stand in the room—a circumstance which you know, Sir, aided his deception; for we never were, till he discovered it, able to account for the bullets we supposed to be in them having made no impression on the wainscot, and not being to be found."

"Without claiming much merit for sagacity," said Sir Clement, "I assure you I was all along of opinion that all our differences arose from Farrel; but indeed I was astonished how some of the decep-

tions were contrived—and never could have thought of such a systematic plan as this now discovered.”

Hartop then desired them to walk into the room where he and Wilmot had seen the hand moving the curtains; while he went round through the hidden passage in the wall, and, loosing an iron clasp, let the bed slip from the wall, and then, thrusting forth his hand through a small trap-hole, shewed them that contrivance; when, shutting it, it was so neatly covered with the tapestry that no one could even on searching it closely discover a seam.

“ Well,” said Mr. Howard, “ when I return from Dublin, we will altogether view those extraordinary places; and take measures to be henceforward free from the intrusion of either ghosts or priests.”

They dined that day at the castle, where Mr. Howard begged Hartop would remain

main and order matters for the reception of a large company on his return ; and in the evening they set out for the metropolis, which they reached the next night, when Mr. Howard desired Markham to assemble all his friends next day for the purpose of hearing good news.

“ Good news,” observed Markham, “ are said never to come too late, because that however late it is still good ; but I am sure it is much better when it comes early. Wherefore let us meet now, it is only nine o’clock—Some are in the house—Sir Clement and Lady Wilmot live but a street off, and in God’s name let us have it !”

“ With all my heart !” said Mr. Howard :

—“ Send for them !” —In short, they were in fifteen minutes all there, viz. Sir Clement and Lady Wilmot—Charles and Arabella — Mr. Howard — Doctor Heartly, who came up to be a witness of what was

going forward—and the great mover of all their happiness, Markham.

When they were thus met, Mr. Howard, turning to Lady Wilmot, said, “ My dear Lady Wilmot ! it has been my misfortune to have injured and offended your whole family ; and how grievously I have all along, even while doing so, lamented it, God is my witness, and my conscience bears me testimony!—but I do assure you my feelings upon your account were much more poignant than it is possible for me to express, and far exceeded those I felt even for the sufferings of my own daughter. Sir Clement, who is acquainted with the extraordinary machinations practised to blind me, will bear testimony to the sincerity of my sorrow, and plead the cause of my heart, though it be at the expence of my understanding. From angel goodness such as yours, and the aid of Sir Clement as my advocate, I will indulge a hope of full pardon!—As to the young folks, it would not

become me to apologize to them—I shall therefore, my Lady and Sir Clement, beg that you will authorize me to recompense them thus:—So saying, he took a hand of Charles, and another of Arabella, and joined them both together—“ There, young folks!” said he, “ Take, as you deserve, each other!—I need not pray to bless you; love, fidelity, and virtue, such as yours, cannot fail of bringing down the blessing of Heaven upon you!”

Lady Wilmot complimented Mr. Howard upon his handsome manner of apologizing, and assured him that he still possessed her friendship and esteem without any abatement—while Sir Clement shook Mr. Howard by the hand—and the Doctor, taking Arabella round the waist, “ Od rabbit it! Lads, you must give me a buss for luck—There!—Damn me, Wilmot, you are a lucky dog! her breath is as sweet as conserve of roses.”—And Markham, who had now time to hail the Doctor, took him by

the hand, and reminded him of drinking punch along with him and old Captain Wilton.—“ Ay, ay,” said the Doctor, “ I remember it.—Zooks! you are grown an old fellow since!”—“ Yes,” said Markham; “ and I remember you were a very old fellow then, though that is between twenty and thirty years ago.”

All was now joy and triumph—The two lovers were scarcely able to support the sudden torrent of joy that gushed upon them so unexpectedly. Sir Clement and Lady Wilmot’s countenances expressed the highest kind of placid mild-delight. The Doctor began to whistle the Dusty Miller, and dance a jig—while Mr. Howard looked pleased, but with marks of thought—and Markham looked round with the triumphant consciousness of having served the man who ruined him, and contributed to restore a venerable family to peace and happiness. Observing Mr. Howard thoughtful, he said, “ Come, Howard, you have been
a good

a good fellow to-day, and made us all happy—Let us see whether we cannot contribute to make you still happier than you are!”

—He then walked out, and in a few minutes returned, leading in a young gentleman, whose noble figure and elegant address called the attention of every one. He was full six feet high, and made in the most admirable proportion, uniting at once in his person the most refined elegance of symmetry and great masculine strength, while his face glowed with a share of beauty which all felt they had never before seen equalled.

“ This young gentleman,” said Markham, “ is a very near relation of mine. Permit me to introduce him to you, Lady Wilmot! Sir Clement! Mr. Howard!”—An embarrassment of an unusual kind seized Mr. Howard, and he was barely able to make him a bow.—When looking in his face, he turned round to Lady Wilmot—“ Good God! my Lady, Sir Clement,

look !—Is he not extremely like your once-loved friend Mrs. Howard ?”—“ Never did I see any thing liker !” said both at once. “ And why should he not, Sir,” said Markham, “ when he is her son ?”—“ Gracious God !” exclaimed Mr. Howard grappling at Charles to support him—“ Tell me, tell me, worthy Markham !—the saviour and protector of me and mine !—Is it indeed a delusion—or is that my son ?”—“ I will swear it is your wife’s !” said Markham—“ and I believe it is yours !—But the picture of his father now hangs about his neck.”—Mr. Howard rushed to his bosom—tore out the picture—and, looking at it, exclaimed, “ Gracious Providence ! what do I see ?—The very portrait I gave my aunt Liffarda on her going to France !” He then threw himself upon his son’s neck, and wept with joy—while all the company partook of his emotion, and none more than Arabella, though she and Wilmot had that day been introduced to the young stranger.

As

As soon as the transports of the father had subsided, he quitted the embrace of his son—and, drawing back from him, examined him from head to foot with a greedy eye. At last—"Yes!" said he triumphantly, "the outside at least is right!"—"And, for your comfort, Howard, I can tell you," said Markham, "that the inside is better!"—"Then," said the father, "I am the happiest of men, and Heaven has been kind to me beyond my hopes!—But how—for Heaven's sake tell me how you came to find the boy?"

"Suspend your curiosity for a while—As I live in a very unfashionable style, supper is now on the table—After that you shall have the whole—which, take it altogether, coupled with my accidental meeting of Charles Wilmot and others in Portugal, is so strongly demonstrative of a particular Providence, that I shall never indulge scepticism again as long as I live!"

As soon as supper was over, Markham observed to the company, "that the elucidation of his discovery of young Howard depended much on the story of a woman then in the house, in capacity of his housekeeper; and he hoped the company would have no objection to his calling her in?"—They said, "Certainly not."—And Madam Bouvet, whom we have not seen since her leaving Lisbon, made her appearance, and, being seated by the desire of the company, proceeded as follows:

"I am a native of Ireland, and early in life married a genteel young man of the name of Lyons—His prospects were at the time of our marriage tolerably good; but family losses reduced him to a low situation—and he proposed to me to go to America, where there was a better chance of our making out a livelihood by industry than at home. With the little remains of our property, therefore, we sailed from the bay of Dublin, and were not a week's sail from

from land when we met a French vessel, which took us and carried us into France; there being then a war between France and England. As we were only passengers, we were taken no notice of; and being Irish, to whom the French are always very partial, we were permitted to go to Paris, where my husband got into the service of an Irish colonel in the French service, while I lived in the environs of the town. One day an Irish friar came to me, and asked me, if I would take a child to nurse? To which I agreed, one of my own having died lately before at four months old. A child was accordingly brought; and a lady, whom I took to be the mother of it, came some time after; and, by her careffes and fondness of the infant, I thought that, though old, she was the mother of it. She gave a vast deal of fine things for the child, and made me move into a better lodging; and every day she came to see it, and used to shew that picture the young gentleman has now about his neck, and make the

child kiss it, saying it was his father. In a short time the lady disappeared altogether, and I never heard any more of her; neither had the Irish priest called for some time: and I began to fear that I should have no more money for the support of the child, though I comforted myself with the thoughts, that if I had not, I should not lose the child, which was become full as dear to me as if it was my own.

“ My husband’s master was soon after ordered to India—and my Lyons, in order to attend his master, was inrolled as a soldier in his corps; but the Colonel died on the passage, and Lyons was compelled to proceed and do duty as a common soldier, and he was soon after raised to the rank of sergeant—Still we had the child with us, and, as we had no other, were as fond of it as if it was our own.

“ While my husband did duty at Pondicherry, I lived at a Black town near it.
The

The English army invested that great fort ; and one night a party of them took the Black town where I lived. In my fright I bounced up, and ran out, leaving the child asleep ; and, being pushed out of the town by a party of our own army, was put into Pondicherry, and never more saw the child till I was introduced to him here by Captain Markham. I happened, however, to have two pictures which the lady left with the child ;—that about his neck is one—and the other I have, which is a portrait of the lady herself ; and as I kept them for security hung about my own neck at that time, I saved them when I lost the child—That night my husband was killed. I afterwards married Monsieur Bouvet, and settled with him in Portugal, where Captain Markham found me, and whence he brought me to this country.”—Here Madam Bouvet produced the other portrait, which Mr. Howard instantly knew, and so did Doctor Heartly and Sir Clement and Lady Wilmot, to be that of Lissarda.——

The

The Captain then took up the story, and said, "On the very night to which Madam Bouvet alludes, I commanded the party that took that Black town, where I made some money. In the morning, going through the town, I was shewn this child, which was so remarkable for its beauty, and the fairness of its skin, that the troops admiring brought it to me. I ordered it to be taken care of and brought to my bungalow, where I gave it in charge to a black woman, and, as it grew up, found myself becoming daily more and more fond of it. One day, the woman washing the boy expressed a wish to cut away a cord that was round its neck, as it galled his skin. I asked her why she had not done so before? and she told me that she was afraid—When I asked her why? she answered, Because it was a *charm*. I then cut it off, and found appended to it a little lump of something, of about an inch square, sewed up in black silk—I had the curiosity to open it, and found another integument of
oiled

oiled silk neatly sewed ; and within that, a scrap of paper, on one side of which was written the first verse or two of the gospel of Saint John, and on the reverse the words EDV. HOWARD, *nat. Hib.* This paper I laid by, and now have by me—It is such as I since found priests hang as an amulet round the necks of children.

“ When Charles Wilmot told me in Portugal his story, and lamented the injury Mr. Howard sustained by the deprivation of his child, the time tallied so with the age of the child, that I formed a vague conjecture it might possibly be his ; and when, going to visit him at Madam Bouvet’s, I heard her story, the matter seemed almost out of doubt ; and it struck me, that, by restoring to Mr. Howard his son, perfectly brought up and educated as well as any gentleman of his age in christendom, I should have a right to demand some concessions in favour of Wilmot. On the strength of this I made him and Madam Bouvet

Bouvet come home; and the success of my plan has, thank God! exceeded my expectation:—and seeing you all happy, I feel myself disposed to be so too in spite of all my misfortunes.”—Then turning to Mr. Howard, “Your son, Sir, has had the best education Europe could afford—I intended to have left him my fortune, but he will have your estate—and Arabella and her husband now claim mine—Among them all there will be enough.”

As the grief and despair of Mr. Howard were before unutterable, his happiness and gratitude to Heaven were boundless—And all present could not refrain from expressing their admiration at the ways by which Providence brought about their happiness, making the apparent causes of their ruin and distress the real instruments of their felicity.

Next day but one they all went down to the castle, where, in three days after,
Charles

Charles Wilmot was married to Arabella by special licence. The whole country rung with joy at their nuptials—the castle gates were thrown open to all comers—and hospitality, friendship, and social intercourse revisited it once more, and converted its gloomy appearance into sparkling marks of joy and festivity. Mr. Howard would not let it end in less than a week, during which he received the congratulations of the country on the recovery of his son; and none was more zealous in joy on the occasion than Mr. Wishart, who shook his old friend by the hand, and asked him whether he did not now see his friends were right?

Markham, who always thought that nothing was done if any thing remained undone, suggested to Mr. Howard the propriety of a provision for Hartop in reward of his spirit and zeal. And a very handsome estate of five hundred a-year was purchased by Mr. Howard in the neighbourhood for him—one half of the purchase-

chafe-money of which Markham insisted on privately paying. Soon after, that noble youth married a young lady possessed of a very large property, and was called to the bar, where he soon became eminent for his talents.

Edward Howard in a short time received the hand of a beautiful young lady, the daughter of Sir Samuel Franks, baronet, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds and two thousand a-year.

Mr. and Mrs. Forster came over soon after from England, and settled in the neighbourhood—And as the subterranean passages of the castle were stopped up, and the friary razed to the ground; and as therefore no more apparitions, priests, or phantoms, disturbed the repose of the castle; Mr. Howard lived a long life of uninterrupted happiness at the castle, as Sir Clement and Lady Wilmot did at the lodge, and saw their grandchildren grown up and married—the glory and the blessing of the surrounding country!

Dr.

Dr. Heartly lived for some time after, and actually cut short his life by over-exercising himself at Fives.

Markham lived at the old house of his uncle, putting Cluline into that of old Capt. Wilson—and, spending his whole life and property in acts of beneficence, obtained, instead of the title of *benevolent misanthrope*, the more glorious appellation of the *philanthropist*; and, in his own instance, proved this fortunate truth, worth all that philosophers, system-mongers and sectarists can say for the comfort of the virtuous, that where the heart is good and benevolent, the man, however unfortunate, can never be without consolation, since he never can fail to extract from the better fortune of his fellow-creatures that pleasure which untoward fate has forbidden him to draw from his own.

F I N I S.

VICTOR MATHEU Z.
GUATEMALA, C. A.

